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OPPOSING TORTURE

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THE WHITE-COLLAR ASSEMBLY LINE

Peadar Kirby
IRISH CATHOLICISM: IS IT DYING?

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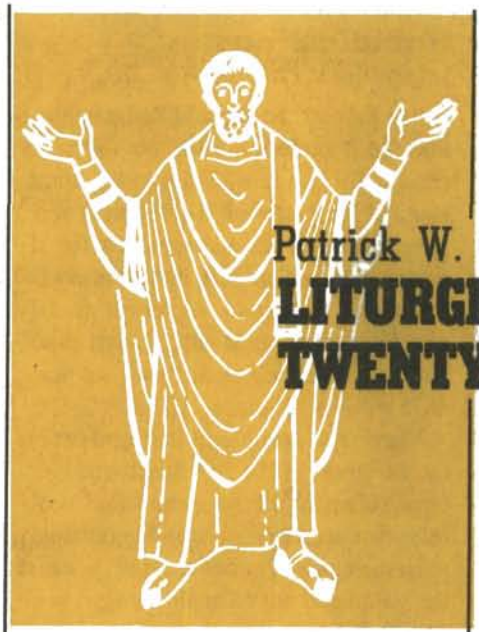

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LITURGICAL RENEWAL, TWENTY YEARS LATER

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Phillip Corwin
UPDIKE'S WITCHES

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Correspondence

Accommodation

Bronx, N.Y.

To the Editors: Your editorial on church and state [April 6] was a study in sanity. Concerning Pawtucket's constitutional *stable*-ness, however, you could have ground your analysis more finely.

Due to the vastness of the public sector, absolutist church-state separation would, as you stated, penalize religion (and the culture at large). Why, though, shouldn't the state temporally and spatially *accommodate*, rather than *sponsor*, religious expression?

Municipalities issue parade permits for political marches and religious pageants. Public libraries make room for exhibitions by ideological partisans. It is, therefore, appropriate for Pawtucket to allot park acreage for a crèche, or other sectarian display.

The nativity scene itself need not, however, be government issue. Why this unnecessary state entanglement and promotion instead of public allowance for individual initiative? With all your (and Professor de G. Ford's) talk of context and balance, you ought to have addressed this point. KEVIN M. DOYLE

Resist & legislate

Bellport, N.Y.

To the Editors: Tim Langley's "On Not Rendering to Caesar" [April 6] provides much information on the whats and whys as well as the pros and cons of war tax resistance. . . . However, the essence of nonviolent conflict resolution seems to be in finding solutions acceptable to all concerned. . . . If Tim Langley had included Congress in his tax protest and asked to change the tax law, the problem might be solved for him and for the thousands of other conscientious military tax objectors.

Fortunately the desired legislation is now pending in Congress. The World Peace Tax Fund bill, S2105, HR 3224 provides a mechanism whereby religious and ethical pacifists could pay their full share of federal taxes to support nonviolent, non-military programs. *Commonweal* readers interested in more information on the World Peace Tax Fund bill, conscientious objection to military taxes, and military tax refusal and redirection should write the Conscience & Military Tax Campaign - U.S., 44 Bellhaven Road, Bellport, NY 11713.

ED PEARSON

Homeless case

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: So Ronald Reagan thinks that the homeless are on the streets by choice. I'd like him to talk to the homeless and find out what their choices are. I have worked with the homeless for six years, and I can tell him that mentally ill, emotionally and psychologically wrecked, often physically abused shambles of human beings that pass for being alive have no choices. . . .

Many of the problems that land people on the street in the first place are long-term, often of lifelong duration: problems that need intensive and agonizingly slow therapy and patience. And, because the volunteers that Ronald Reagan is always talking about are not there, lots of money to hire people. But he's done away with that, too. (The churches can't or won't fill the need, although I believe that they are capable and culpable.) The government has cut programs, ordered hospitals for the mentally ill closed — our own long-term Alcoholic Rehabilitation Center was recently closed to expand our jail — reduced staffs at clinics and counseling centers, and by and large made all choices no choices at all. Ronald Reagan is putting the blame entirely on people who have been blamed enough; blamed for everything that went wrong in their lives and not given the helping hand when and where they needed it the most: with personal hands-on attention in localized and individual live-in counseling centers on a neighborhood basis. If every homeless man and woman would seek the kind of help, physical and mental, that they need to put them back into society as productive and responsible human beings; if they had that choice, we would be overwhelmed at every social level. But Ronald Reagan needn't fear. His idea of choice does not include those alternatives. Out of sight and out of mind in a flophouse shelter. If they don't go, that's their choice!

MICHAEL KIRWAN

Nongenerative sex

Beaumont, Tex.

To the Editors: I applaud your issue on the bishops and abortion [March 23] and would like to add some fuel to the fire.

The abortion dilemma is related to the contraceptive mentality, which is related to the widespread use and acceptance of contraception. What is contraception? It is the non-therapeutic intervention of the human will into the generative process at perhaps its most intimate level — the unitive and life-giving component of covenant love. It is a suppression of the "ontic" good of human fertility. And if human persons are body-spirit corporalities then contraception does more than merely prevent conception. It must have some effect on the attitudes, values, choices, and behaviors of those who contracept, and, therefore, upon society.

Phyllis Zagano's perception about the abortion dilemma is partially correct.

(Continued on page 349)

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TORTURE: TO SHATTER THE SILENCE

TORTURE. THE VERY WORD tears open a horror deep within each one of us. Unlike generalized terms of human suffering — war, revolution, Armageddon — "torture" terrorizes us because of its perfidious, precise assault on us as individuals. True, we may not have experienced torture. But we know it. And not just through literature, history, and beastly newsreels. We know it because we have all experienced its elements: our skin has at one time been burned; we have known, however briefly, interludes of exhaustion and hunger, ridicule, failure, and spite. We have experienced the humiliation of bodily dysfunctions, the terror upon entering an operating chamber. Each of us has known, as well, moments of seemingly total abandonment. And we are saturated with flashbacks. A teeming subway car instantly becomes a transport to Bergen-Belsen. A telephone call in the night awakens the startled horror of arrest. Even the skin touch of a loved one turns at suddenly unripe moments into the rent touch of one "disappeared." We are reminded repeatedly: "This is my *body*, given up for you."

There is behind the main altar in one of California's old Spanish missions, an image of God's all-seeing eye, *el ojo de Dios*. It is the Eye of Judgment, of Presence. In a recent shattering account of personal torture and imprisonment in Argentina, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*, Jacobo Timerman wrote unforgettably of seeing another prisoner's eye through a peephole left ajar one night in April or May 1977. The event took place at the prison called Puesto Vasco where Timerman and other Argentines were being tortured. Initially, just to look out of his cell caused a rushing sense of freedom: "An entire universe has been added." But when a human eye appeared at another peephole similarly left ajar and directed itself at Timerman, Timerman experienced an overwhelming sense of triumph.

> *He* is doing the same. I suddenly realize that the peephole in the door facing mine is also open and there is an eye behind it. I'm startled. They've laid a trap for me. Looking through the peephole is forbidden, and they've seen me doing it.
>
> I step back and wait. I wait longer. And then return to the peephole.
>
> *He* is doing the same. . . . That night we conquered death.

Torture terrorizes. It enforces oblivion. It is, in Hannah Arendt's term, organized oblivion. Its aim is to kill the essential self of the victim by obliterating all legal and moral standing of the person. It is radical evil, premised on absolute power. Its means are seemingly endless, sometimes verging on the point of the exotic. Its contagion is uncontrollable, once initiated. It marks all persons as superfluous, something even its victimizers intuit.

Amnesty International's recent report, *Torture in the Eighties* (distributed by Dodd, Mead, $5.95), gives little solace about the pervasive application of torture in these 1980s. It documents ninety-eight countries (more than a third of the world's

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DEAR JIM,
'FOR THE RECORD'

JAMES O'GARA announced his retirement as Editor of *Commonweal* in the March 23 issue. Since one of Jim's few annoying traits was undue modesty, I hesitated to ask him if the magazine could publish some of the many warm letters that began to pour into this office. Instead I suggested we simply copy them — "for the record" — before he took them home. Here then, without Jim's permission or that of his correspondents, are ruthlessly edited excerpts from a selection of these letters. PETER STEINFELS

New Orleans

Your note of farewell . . . started a rush of reflections . . . the way you all went after [Sen. Joseph] McCarthy and the several occasions when it looked as though your creditors were about to shut you down. . . . You were always in the exciting middle of some brawl or other. . . .

(REV.) JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

Chicago

On the South Side we wished for nothing so much as for steady work. As one of the few who found it, you can count yourself lucky. So, too, your readers. No journal I know of has been as reliably instructive and interested as has *Commonweal* during the years of your achievements with it. . . .

EDWARD ENGBERG

New York

Congratulations on getting off the biweekly assembly line, and best wishes for your at least temporary return to the academy. I've enjoyed reading *Commonweal* all these years — and of course look forward to continuing to do so. . . . True, I read mainly the secular pieces — if the category exists, I'm a "*Commonweal* atheist."

HERBERT GANS

Washington, D.C.

You have every reason to be very proud of your stewardship as Editor of my favorite Catholic periodical.

(REV.) GEORGE G. HIGGINS

Chicago

To have accomplished so much over such a long course with such integrity is an inspiration for all of us who have taken courage from you.

EUGENE KENNEDY

Madison, Wis.

My first contact with *Commonweal* was in the early 1950s. . . . I want to take this opportunity to tell you how much I have respected and admired your work over the years. ERWIN KNOLL
Editor, *The Progressive*

Nahant, Mass.

I am really sorry to learn of your leaving *Commonweal*. I remember so well your arrival. I think you and John Cogley came about the same time and I thought, "At last we've got some real honest-to-God Irish-American Catholics on the staff, and Chicago Catholics at that. The magazine's future is assured. . . ." JOHN C. CORT

Chicago

It must be most satisfying to lay down the editorial burden with the knowledge that you have made such a major contribution. . . . JOEL WELLS
DAN HERR

Royalton, Vt.

The place won't be the same without you sitting back in your chair behind a desk full of clutter and books. For me, one of the nicest things about writing for *Commonweal* was delivering my pieces by hand and then lingering to find out what was on everybody's mind. . . . I am taken aback at the thought you wrote a million words during your tenure. This makes me feel like an idle apprentice. I shall redouble my efforts. . . . THOMAS POWERS

Notre Dame, Ind.

Thanks for all the good hard work you have done. (REV.) LEO R. WARD, C.S.P.

Chicago

I write today simply to record the admiration of your alma mater for your service to *Commonweal* and to the commonweal.

(REV.) RAYMOND BAUMHART, S.J.
President, Loyola University

Oakland, Calif.

Many years ago, because of a comment made by Philip Scharper, that no bishops ever visited the *Commonweal* office, I dropped by one day. You were somewhat puzzled as to my reason for coming, but were very gracious and informative. I have remembered your hospitality over the years. . . . May I add my own words of appreciation for the significant contribution you have made. (MOST REV.) JOHN S. CUMMINS
Bishop of Oakland

Bedford, Mass.

After I read that you were leaving *Commonweal*, I was both surprised and sad. When we reach our eighties, we forget that the next generation is aging, too, and we expect them to continue in their fruitful careers like editing *Commonweal*. . . .

I don't remember how long I have been a subscriber, probably during your entire association. In that time the magazine has been a source of pleasure, stimulation, and now and then irritation when it made me open my mind to some area I would have preferred to ignore. Even now at eighty-three I still read it in anticipation of being enlightened . . .

ANNE B. McGLINCHY

Washington, D.C.

My hope is that you have long known how much so many of us counted on you as one of the most thoughtful persons in the profession of opinion journalism. (REV.) DONALD CAMPION, S.J.

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governments) which presently use or tolerate torture, governments in every geographical locale and of every ideological stripe, governments which often facilitate torture as an integral part of the security apparatus. Torture continues despite a growing international consensus against its use because, the report concludes, governments lack the "political will" to stop it.

Whence political will?

Timerman recently asked before an Argentine commission investigating systemic torture in the Argentine: "The real question has not been answered — why were people silent?"

The Amnesty report suggests a variety of responses to shatter this silence.

● *Actions by individuals.* It was the efforts of Dr. Denis Elliott, Senior Medical Officer at Gough Prison, Northern Ireland, who by drawing attention to prisoner abuse at Gough in 1978 caused significant reforms and prohibitions to be institutionalized there.

● *Actions by national groups.* The Brazilian Bar Association has courageously denounced disappearances since the mid-1970s. The Working Commission to Investigate the Use of Psychiatry for Political Purposes, which was formed in Moscow in 1977, questioned the use of psychiatric institutions and mind-altering drugs in the Soviet Union. Its leaders have all been exiled or imprisoned since 1980.

● *Actions by inter-governmental organizations.* These include the anti-torture charters ratified by members of the Organization of American States and the Organization of African Unity. Abuses by chartered adherents persist, but conscious liability has been intensified by criticism from other charter members.

● *Actions by international non-governmental organizations.* Groups of unionists, jurists, and physicians; the Helsinki Watch; and Amnesty International itself with thirty-thousand volunteers in forty-seven countries, have brought their leverage to bear.

● *Actions by the church.* The report singles out statements by the Vatican as well as specific protests by Paulo Cardinal Arns of Sao Paulo in 1975 which diminished the use of torture at a military prison. A limited victory, the report notes, where any victory is significant.

In the United States, American Christians for the Abolition of Torture, an ecumenical group founded in 1975 which emphasizes prayer, education, and local action, has joined its aims to those of Amnesty International. Its address is 300 West Apsley St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144.

● *Actions by national legislatures.* U.S. congressional hearings in 1971 and 1974 on torture in Brazil led to the abolition of the U.S. Office of Public Safety and to the closing of the International Peace Academy in Washington, institutes which allegedly trained practitioners from abroad in the arts of torture.

The report states that actions are needed on all these fronts and before world bodies. It is a long-term prospect. But the effort has shown significant progress in the last decade.

When Jacobo Timerman returned to Argentina recently from his new home in Israel, he was struck by the "surprising devotion to democracy that I find in the people who greet me on the streets." Love of democracy does not necessarily prevent torture. When he anticipated a pilgrimage to the cell at Puesto Vasco he wrote with burning dread: "I would have to relive that night when another eye looked back at me through the peephole . . . an eye I never saw again but have carried with me as an integral part of my body . . . so that something of the owner of that eye will continue to live." That eye continues to look at us. It continues to know us. It is the Eye of the Last Judgment, the Eye of absolute justice and infinite compassion.

Dorothy M. Dohen

A LAY APOSTLE

REFLECTION OF AN ERA

ON JANUARY 3, Dorothy M. Dohen died of cancer at her home in New York. She died as peacefully as she had lived, a humble servant of the Lord, completely committed to the lay apostolate, a remarkable example of the thousands of young people who created the lay Catholic movements of the post-World War II period of the Catholic church in the United States: Young Christian Workers, Young Christian Students, the Grail, the Catholic Action movements of the 1940s, the many dimensions of the lay apostolate. They had caught a vision of the meaning the Gospels gave to their young lives; they had a sense of vocation to bring that vision to others, but to bring it as lay persons remaining amid the challenges and complexities of the every-day world.

Dorothy Dohen was one of them. Her life and death reflect the spirit, the effort, the achievement of all of them. She graduated from the College of Mount Saint Vincent in 1945; spent some time with the Grail and the Young Christian Workers. But she chose writing as her major apostolic work, articles in *The Torch, Integrity, Commonweal, Blackfriars,* and others. She published her first volume on spirituality, *Vocation to Love,* in 1950, and her second, *Journey to Bethlehem,* in 1958. She was editor of *Integrity* from 1952-56. *Integrity* announced itself as a journal "published by lay Catholics and dedicated to the task of discovering the new synthesis of *Religion* and *Life* for our times." It was just that, a penetrating analysis of the social and cultural situations which either challenged the lives of Catholics or offered a promise of a richer and more meaningful expression of Catholic life. *Integrity* unfortunately was terminated in 1956. It closed about the same time that Dorothy's mother died. She remarked to me shortly thereafter: "The Lord has placed a heavy burden on me, giving me two deaths to bear at the same time."

A central preoccupation of the young lay apostles was the development of a spirituality of the laity. Dorothy made an

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Going on 60

From Commonweal fifty years ago: "To single out any one of the many grave social problems that are perplexing us today by describing it as the most important of all, may easily lead us into dangerous exaggeration, yet we think it is true that the problem of the Negro has more claims to be considered in that light than any other. Moreover, it cannot be isolated from those other problems, for it is part of all the primary political, economic, racial, and religious questions which in their totality make up the crisis of our civilization. Certainly, this view of the matter seems to be a necessary one for American Catholics to take. . . .

". . . It is not only that we have disregarded the Negro's own claims, on merely natural grounds — the grounds of their status as human beings — to be relieved from their present position as an ostracized and exploited minority . . . worse than that, we have disregarded the teachings of our own Church which tell us that beyond any doubt the Negro is entitled to our love and our justice because supernaturally he is, as much as the white man, the son of God, and our brother."

—The Editors, "The Negro Problem"
June 1, 1934

effort to articulate this. "The secular hero dies once; the saint dies daily," was her theme. Heroism as she described it consisted in the effort to make every smallest action of our day as perfect as possible in the love of Christ. She quoted her favorite saint to indicate what she meant: "As Theresa of Lisieux convinced her sisters of the soundness of her 'little way' by the demonstration of her heroic charity, we shall convince the world of Christ, and transform our environment by love" (*Integrity*, November 1952). Living as a friend within one's family, serving a neighbor generously, struggling to correct injustice out of love for Christ: this would add up to a daily heroism that would eventually change the world, an achievement not of ourselves but of God working within us.

The desire to correct injustice led some lay apostles to become militants, others, active participants; some shifted out of social activism into a quiet family life. The struggle is evident in Dorothy's own experience. She often quoted the passage from Romans (8:18-25), "The whole of creation has been groaning in one great act of giving birth." Not only the physical world but the world of men and women was groaning under the burden of evil. It was the task of the Christian to confront this world with the love of Jesus, to seek to give it the order in which the image of God could be seen. Dorothy was one of the early members of Pax Christi; she was a consistent advocate of social justice; within recent years a generous volunteer for the care of the homeless in her parish. She was outspoken and persistent in her protests, often creating uneasiness among associates and friends. But she felt reform not deeply rooted in love would be either futile or destructive.

She had little confidence that we could set the world aright simply by manipulating social processes and institutions, unless these were carried forward by a vision beyond this world. Sensitive to the way symbols of the sacred penetrate the simplest of our human acts, she cautioned against tearing these away before something could be put in their place. She understood Liberation Theology and respected many of the people involved in the radical movements of South and Central America. But she wrote to me of her fears: "I wonder if the leftist-oriented pastors and theologians realize what they are doing if they (in practice and perhaps unwittingly) take away the hope of the poor in the world to come (My Kingdom is not of this world!). I hope you know me well enough that you realize I am not saying we should not hunger and thirst and work for justice and a just social order here. But taking away what they call 'The pie in the sky approach' and substituting the hope of a successful social movement is not the answer either. What have we done if we no longer affirm the cross and resurrection?"

THROUGH THE influence of her friend Ivan Illich, she became aware of the increasing place of the social sciences in theology. She was also aware that, if she and her former colleagues at *Integrity* were to discover a new synthesis of religion and life for our times, they would have to understand our times. She sought to do this through a study of sociology. She received her M.A. in sociology at Fordham in 1959, her Ph.D. in 1966. Her first major sociological work was *Woman in Wonderland* (1960), a sociological analysis of the changing role of women in modern society. Her more significant sociological study was *Nationalism and American Catholicism*, an analysis of the efforts of Catholic leaders in the United States to work out a relationship between the church and the dominant culture of the new nation. She was an outstanding teacher and scholar in the field of sociology, and edited *Sociological Analysis*, the Journal of the Association of the Sociology of Religion, from 1970-72.

But Dorothy Dohen was never completely at home in sociology; this was only one aspect on a professional level of the tension she felt between the believer (faith) and a secularist society. How to relate the faith to such a society was not only a deeply troubling personal experience; she saw it as the central problem of faith and belief in the modern world. She expressed the tension in a more personal way in a quote she used from her great teacher and colleague, Thomas F. O'Dea, on the occasion of his death. "If the Christian faith cannot enable a man to face the unknown without blinding himself to the fact that the mystery is there; to follow in the unknown, the traces of meaning accessible to his mind; to live with his face to the existential winds that blow across the great void which modern science has opened up before us in many spheres, then it cannot really be Christian faith" ("Tensions Between the Believer and the Sociologist of Religion," *Sociological Analysis*, 1977). She continued in a statement which reflects her own life as well as that of O'Dea, "The sociology of religion can involve the believer in agony — true; but not to be

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forgotten is that this is a consequence of the fact that it is the believer who can 'see,' who has an intuitive understanding of the religious phenomenon he is studying. The blind do not have to suffer garish sights, but their relief is the result of a handicap. Thomas O'Dea personally experienced the religious dilemmas he wrote about with such great analytic power: especially the dilemma of the church confronting secular culture, and the dilemma of the Christian attuned to the demands of the absolute trying to live out his commitment to the here and now. He did not resolve these dilemmas. He lived with the tension between faith and scientific knowledge until death came to him, as it will to us all, as the final tension resolver."

Gradually Dorothy Dohen ceased to write serious sociological material. She devoted herself rather to a life of teaching and counseling students at the Lincoln Center campus of Fordham University where she found her great satisfaction among the students and colleagues whom she loved and who came to love her.

Her private life with the Lord was a life of profound spiritual experience, a life kept hidden from even her closest friends. It was a life completely of faith, but also a hidden darkness in which she faced alone the terrible mystery of unbelief. Dorothy knew that the important aspects of her life — her vocation to love, to the lay apostolate, to virginity, her positive acceptance of death as an integral part of the Christian mystery — all this made no sense at all except through faith. She was deeply aware of the difficulties of faith in our modern world, aware of the corrosive effect of modern science and technology on the sense of the sacred, and the difficulty all of us have to keep our faith in this kind of environment. She was at ease with believers of other faiths, an active member of the Ecumenical Commission of the New York archdiocese. But unbelief remained a problem. She knew persons who were extraordinary human beings, sometimes with cultivated natural virtues beyond that of many of her Catholic acquaintances. Yet they had no faith. She used to remark: "Saint Theresa (of Lisieux) referred to unbelievers as sinners. But, as for me, I seem to know what the atheist knows, and feel what the most arid secularist feels. What troubles me is the terrible plausibility of unbelief in our modern world." Therefore, she dedicated her life intensively to prayer, and insisted that we pray also. She repeated the prayer of Jesus for Saint Peter: "Simon, I pray for thee that thy faith fail thee not; and, being strengthened yourself, strengthen the brethren."

She lived and died in the deep peace of the presence of the Lord, repeating near the end the line from Julian of Norwich: "Don't worry. The Lord said to me: you shall see yourself that all manner of things shall be well."

She represents an era that may someday be seen as a golden age. The many who were part of it are scattered today: many like herself, called to the Lord; many still heroically active in the service of God and neighbor; many seeking to live the vocation to love in the hidden world of family and friends; some have been lost. But they served to bring the church into the modern world and created the environment in which *Gaudium et Spes* of Vatican II was possible and even anticipated. Her death, as was her life, was a hymn to Christian hope and joy and love. "We live in the Lord; and we die in the Lord; blessed be the name of the Lord."

JOSEPH P. FITZPATRICK, S.J.

(Father Joseph P. Fitzpatrick, S.J., is Professor Emeritus of Sociology at Fordham University.)

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

RELIGION & REFLEX

CAN FAITH SURVIVE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS?

I WAS IN AN Orthodox church in a small southern Illinois coal town when a middle-aged woman came in, crossed herself, kissed the icon at the end of the aisle, and walked back to a pew. Her gesture had the swift and easy quality I have seen in Catholic churches when people enter, touch the water in the font and cross themselves as they move to their pews. Although I have attended only a few synagogue services, I have noticed the same combination of inattention and ritual taken seriously. In some people these gestures, done as a repeated part of ritual observance, smooth out over the years until they become stylized, one flow like the line at the edge of a piece of driftwood.

There is something now which makes us uncomfortable around such traditional practices, with their ancient and familiar mix of prayer, attention, devotion, habit, inattentiveness, and lack of self-consciousness. Maybe this is apparent only to someone whose liturgical experience is as varied as that of my generation (which is to say, those of us who are in our late thirties or early forties). When I entered college the Mass was in Latin. My children have relatively little connection with the church of my childhood. At any rate, there is a self-consciousness which comes of this experience which makes us self-conscious even about self-consciousness. The woman in the Orthodox church made me wonder about religions in the industrialized West these days (as a columnist it is my job to soar in this way from the particular to the grand) and about what we may be losing.

What we are losing is the lack of self-consciousness, a lack which drives some people crazy whenever they encounter traditional religion or popular religious devotion. "Don't these people pay any attention to what they are doing? Do they think these repeated actions will save them?" That sort of complaint isn't uncommon. A lot of Catholic liberals and fundamentalist Protestants are embarrassed by the old lady who moves her lips when she says her prayers, or by signs of the cross which are done rapidly and which seem to the non-participant's eye

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to be simply careless. What we need, the embarrassed objectors seem to say, is a little self-consciousness. I have seen that self-consciousness at liturgical conferences where people learn to bow from the waist rather than genuflect when they enter a church, and so they do so as they approach the altar, very carefully and properly, having learned just that afternoon.

There is, however, a lack of precisely this self-consciousness which is the mark of moving more deeply into religious observances. It is when you don't have to think of something, that you have learned it. Toddlers think about walking much more than we do; they pay lots of attention to it. The point of such gestures as the sign of the cross is, among other things, the participation of the body as well as the mind in prayer. That includes automatic reflexes, habits, all of the non-rational things which remind us that we are not in control. As long as the mind insists on being the most important part of all this (as it does when we assume that an automatic gesture is worthless because we haven't thought about what we were doing — would this be true if I waved a fly away from my eyes thoughtlessly, or closed them reflexively against lye?), to that extent the body's place in the relationship which is implied by prayer — one which has to do with everything about us — is discounted.

But more than the body's place in prayer is involved in this difference between traditional forms of religion and a self-consciousness which marks more recent forms of devotion. My son was recently confirmed. As part of the preparation for confirmation the parents of the children to be confirmed were expected to send a letter to the school telling our children how much we loved them, and how proud of them we were. A number of parents sat down and dutifully wrote letters, and I have no doubt that sincere things were said and that some children and parents were moved. But what bothered me about the whole attempt was this: what does this do to spontaneous expressions of feeling? It may be that there are children whose parents do not tell them what they feel for them, parents who are reluctant to show any overt affection at all, and that is sad. I come from a family where people kiss a lot and where, especially late at night after family gatherings have settled out a bit, brothers and sisters can talk for hours about what's right and wrong with all of us. I think it's a good thing that we are able to do this, and it is precisely because it is good that I would hate to see it made into a form of homework. If I have to be told to love my child, or my wife, something is wrong; these things aren't there to be evoked on cue. It is not a sign of love or of natural feeling when these things are assigned, but of the death of real feeling. The assignment is the symptom of a problem and is not even close to being a cure.

There is in this sort of assigned emotion an equation of religion and therapy. If parents and children do have a problem communicating their love for one another (or worse, if they don't have any love to communicate), the problem is not remedied by self-consciousness about it during the preparations which surround a sacramental occasion. Not that the sacraments have nothing to do with love — of course they do, with human as well as divine love. But deep problems in this area require individual pastoral attention, not wholesale attempts to evoke feeling. What is being sought in the sort of assignment my son was given is, of course, not a bad thing: it is good for children to know that their parents love them. But what was also being sought was a moving experience; I have seen the same thing gone after in other liturgies. This has as little to do with Christianity as the deep swoons of Victorian teenagers reading romantic novels.

This sort of thing — an organized, self-conscious experience — increasingly takes the place of forms of devotion which have fallen out of our lives. You may have had a different experience of this than I have, but I don't know many children who are really enthusiastic about any of these exercises (I don't know any, in fact); and although we were bored by such things as the Stations of the Cross during Lent, we didn't think they were corny. My children, without any coaching from me, have expressed that feeling about much of what they are exposed to in the name of religion. They know when someone is trying to move them. They have, after all, lived through a lot of Bell Telephone and Coke commercials.

The equation of religion with good feelings and the attempt to evoke those feelings doesn't go as deeply as some old and now ignored devotions did. I don't know the solution to this problem — can those older forms be restored at this point? — but it is a problem indeed, and a couple of things I have read during the past year make me wonder about it. In the important *Journal of Religion in Communist Lands* published by Keston College (Heathfield Road, Keston, Kent BR2 6BA, England) there was an account of a mass pilgrimage to a Catholic shrine near Shanghai. The church which was the goal of the pilgrims had been shut during the Cultural Revolution; it was forcibly reopened by the pilgrims, who prayed there for hours. (Many of them were fishermen, and gave space on their boats for fellow pilgrims to sleep while they prayed.) Holy objects — pictures, rosaries — and common recited prayers were a central part of this. Another article in the same issue tells of the Yugoslav government's irritation with an alleged Marian apparition in that country. These incidents made me think of the important place the Black Madonna occupies in Poland, and the hope which Guadalupe has brought to millions of poor Mexicans. It is significant that this sort of devotion and such things as common recited prayers and litanies play such an important part in the survival of faith during hard times. Do we have any equivalents? Will our children? JOHN GARVEY

Corrections: In the May 4 issue, Marc Edelman was erroneously identified in the book review section as having spent a year in Costa Rica working among Salvadoran refugees. Although Mr. Edelman came to know many refugees during two years in Costa Rica doing dissertation research, he was not, in fact, involved with refugee work.

In the same issue, in "New World Order II", by Fred Siegel, Mary Kaldor's name was misspelled. THE EDITORS

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Church/world watch

Focus on policy, not embassy

J. Bryan Hehir

AMERICAN political figures have a passion for the peripheral when it comes to the Middle East. The tendency to fasten on the edge of reality pervades both parties and reaches crisis proportions during election years.

The prototypical example of this characteristic is the astounding amount of time, energy, and debate being given to the proposal to move the U.S. Embassy from Tel Aviv (where it has been since the United States established diplomatic relations with the state of Israel) to Jerusalem. The catalyst for this debate is legislation submitted in the Senate by Senator Moynihan (D-NY) and in the House by Rep. Lantos (D-Cal.). Both bills have several cosponsors and no serious public opposition in the Congress. It is important to note early in this analysis that the initiative for this legislation did not come from either the government of Israel or the Jewish community in the United States. Ambassador Sol Linowitz, a universally respected diplomat and a key figure in American Jewish affairs, commented on the proposal for the *Christian Science Monitor*: "Israel did not put it up. That's one thing that I want to say unequivocally. I know personally how disturbed they are at the way it was put forward."

The Moynihan-Lantos legislation elicited firm opposition from Secretary of State Shultz and the threat of a veto from President Reagan. The Shultz letter, although sound in its conclusion to oppose the move, may have eroded the administration's case by using three arguments rather than the single theme which should alone carry the day. The secretary warned that moving the embassy would "fan Islamic extremism." But this theme plays directly into Senator Moynihan's argument that the move must be made precisely to stand firmly against the declared enemies of Israel. The danger here is in turning this very sensitive question into a test of will rather than of reason; the emphasis should be on the need for a viable U.S. policy in the Middle East.

Mr. Schultz's second argument is that the legislation amounts to congressional interference in the executive's role in foreign affairs. In the Jerusalem case, the secretary's argument is exactly right but marginally effective. For several months now, the congressional-executive clash over foreign policy has extended over several issues (Lebanon, Central America) where the administration's complaints have hardly been convincing. On Jerusalem the charge may be correct, but its persuasive power has been eroded by other conflicts with the Congress.

The key argument against the Moynihan-Lantos proposal should be its impact on U.S. policy in the region. Secretary Shultz made the point but failed to enlarge upon it. Congressional proposals to move the embassy ignore — or consciously reject — two themes which U.S. policy must address in the Middle East:

The first is a recognition of the multi-dimensional nature of the Mideast question. It includes superpower relations, U.S. relations with Israel and with a range of Arab states, and the Palestinian question; finally it includes addressing the religious nature of the Middle East problematic. It is not easy to define how the religious dimension relates to the other aspects of the question, but it is fatal to ignore the connection. Far too often the religious factor is reduced to access to sacred shrines; this narrow conception misses as much as it describes. It fails entirely, for example, to grasp the evocative power which Jerusalem has for the three major faiths of the region.

To understand the role of Jerusalem requires attention to the second theme which the Moynihan-Lantos proposal ignores: the relationship of symbol and substance in the Middle East. Jerusalem symbolizes the area's unique fusion of religion and politics. To touch Jerusalem is to be reminded of the explosive human emotions which lie just below the surface of the unresolved drama of the Middle East. For Israelis Jerusalem is the finally undivided capital of their state. For Arabs — Moslem or Christian — at least half of Jerusalem is "occupied territory." For the Holy See the fate of Jerusalem is still to be settled by some form of negotiation.

The religious dimension of the Middle East question needs to be addressed as part of a broader approach to the region. This is particularly the case with Jerusalem; it should be the last issue confronted, not the first. A preemptive move by the United States will polarize all the participants in the Middle East on both the issue of Jerusalem and on the broader agenda of the region. The essence of wise policy involves an ordering of the key issues. Jerusalem is on the edge of the negotiating agenda; trying to put it first — even by a symbolic move — runs counter to logic and experience. The Congress has better and more urgent tasks to perform in foreign policy. J. BRYAN HEHIR

(J. Bryan Hehir was recently appointed senior research scholar at the Kennedy Institute of Ethics and research professor of ethics and international politics at the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown.)

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HAVE WE LEARNED THAT LITURGY IS A FORM OF ART?

Liturgical renewal, twenty years later

PATRICK W. COLLINS

ROMAN CATHOLICS CELEBRATED an important anniversary in 1983. The Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy of Vatican II was twenty years old. During those twenty years of official liturgical renewal, most middle-life and older Catholics accepted "the changes" which flowed from that document. Younger Catholics, of course, have not experienced the "change" at all.

Most of the changes experienced in Catholic worship have been up-front, around the altar and lectern. Our own language is now used. More members of the assembly have been called to serve as liturgical ministers. All of them face the assembly as "sanctuaries" have been turned around. Active participation in word and song are evident. Comprehension of the liturgy and its communication have been guiding values in the two decades of the reform.

Despite evident progress, many worshipers sense something is missing. It is the sense of Mystery — the awe, the holiness and wonder which had been the liturgical experience of Catholics prior to Vatican II.

With the priest facing the assembly and the people celebrating in their own language, liturgy seems to many persons-in-the-pews to have become an experience not much different from ordinary life. The Otherness is absent. With so much speaking and direct understanding of texts, something of the transcendence of the incomprehensible and ineffable Mystery of God has disappeared. While some theologians have said the sacred could be *discovered* in the secular, the sacred seems to have been *replaced* by the secular. The Kingdom has become not only *in* but also *of* this world. This has been the observation not just of recalcitrant Tridentines and nostalgia-buffs but of ordinary Catholics and some liturgical experts as well. How do we retrieve the Mystery without losing participation, comprehension, and communication?

During the first two decades of renewal, professional liturgists gave the church new and purified ritual texts and structures. These grew from historical and theological research. The scholars, however, did not provide adequate tools to transform the new structures and texts into celebrative events of Mystery. But the question of how to create and celebrate the liturgical *experience* for assemblies could not have been answered by liturgical scholars alone. No person or single group of persons has all the answers to the problems and questions of the liturgical experience. What is still needed is a team effort by persons of several disciplines and skills, persons who are experienced in *doing* liturgy's most appropriate languages: image, symbol, story, and ritual action. Such persons are called artists.

If liturgy is ritual and if ritual is dramatic symbolic action, then is it not accurate to assert that liturgy is an art?

It is aesthetic ritual expressions which can create the conditions of possibility for evoking the experience of Mystery present in the assembly, and in the world. It is the artist who best understands how to activate the sacramental principle, viz., that the spiritual becomes present in and through the material. It is the artist who takes matter, infuses it with spiritual insight, born in his or her creative imagination. From that knowledge of truth with feeling, the artist creates symbolic expression. Surely it is such artists who can help assemblies in the decades ahead to move beyond the mere repetition of stale formulas toward nuanced and life-compelling rituals.

If we invite and allow artists of ritual to create, compose, and choreograph our liturgies in union with liturgical ministers and members of the assembly, the imaginations of believers are more likely to be inspired to know and experience the Mystery of Christ present in those assemblies. It is, after all, the imagination that primarily should be addressed in worship. Unfortunately, in decades past, we have tended more to address it with the wordy languages of the classroom or conversation rather than with imaginal forms of expression.

In doing this we will discover again that faith begins and grows not primarily through word and concept but through image and symbol. As Cardinal Newman said, belief must first

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become credible to the imagination before it can be credible to discursive reason. It is this imagination which grasps the power to *know* the truth with a deeper comprehension than meets the eye. Imagination is the crossroads of all our human faculties where we best know ourselves and all our relationships: to self, others, and God. It is the locus of conversion.

This use of imagination is neither fantasy nor escape. It is rather a change of mental mode, according to Coleridge, in which reality dissolves, diffuses, and is recreated. Imagination, according to Kierkegaard, is what Providence uses to get us far enough out and deep enough down into reality so that we can discover what life is truly about. Imagination is the mind's capacity to *know* Mystery.

The imagination is addressed and engaged in worship through the recurring use of images, symbols, stories, and ritual action. If this is true, then liturgy is a form of art.

All the arts have in common a medium of expression. They have some *thing* with which they work, something natural of the earth. That "natural" has to be extracted from its ordinary situation. It has to be pulled out of where one normally sees it, hears it, and feels it, to tease it, bring it to a new kind of birth. This is called aesthetic abstraction.

Examine the art of ritual, for example. What is the primary abstraction of music? What is it we deal with in that art? It is sound. For sound to become music, it must pass through the imagination of the artist who puts those sounding forms in ordered motion so that they go somewhere. There is an organization of energies in musical sounds which was not there when sound was just sound. That is the creative process called composition. The composer makes music out of that art's primary abstraction, sound.

Sound going somewhere involves rhythm. Rhythm is the link between the downbeats. It is not the sitting, the duration. It is the up in the air, the arsis rather than the thesis. It flows outward, forward. It is passage. Sounding forms are put in motion because the energies of sound are organized and rhythmed to go somewhere.

Out of an art's primary abstraction, an illusion is created, a virtual image. Music's virtual image, according to the philosopher Susanne Langer, is an experience of time. Time experienced is what is created by the art of music.

Time experienced is not just the tick-tock of the clock. Nothing holds that kind of time together. Nothing is happening. In experienced time, there is a beginning, a development, and an end. The virtual image of music is this kind of unified experience of time. It goes somewhere. It begins. It connects. It rises. It falls. It has tensions and resolutions. One does more than *endure* that kind of time. One *lives* it.

The art of ritual must resemble music in its organizing and rhythming of sounds. There must be a similar sense of experienced time. However, ritual must not merely *use* the art of music. Ritual must be an integral aesthetic expression itself. It must not be merely a hybrid of poetry, drama, dance, and music.

What, then, is the primary abstraction of the art of ritual? What is its created expression and its virtual image?

The primary abstraction of ritual is action accompanied by words. In this it most resembles drama. Ritual is primarily action, not words. It is action specified by words. Symbolic action is its created expression. Filter the ordinariness of human movement, music, and words through the imagination of a believing ritual maker and symbolic action is created. It is an action that points to and makes present a reality beyond itself without being identical to that reality. Ritual's virtual image is the experience of presence. The illusion or virtual image created by ritual art is the Mystery of Christ present in the church.

Isn't that exactly what sacramental theology, incarnational theology is all about? Divine presence *in* but not *of* the world! Material things become organized to express insights into truth with feeling, and something more than meets the eye becomes present to the perceiver. Could it be that *in modo sacramenti* means *in modo artis*?

The liturgy draws upon that movement which becomes dance, upon story that is drama and poetry, upon the sounding forms and motion that is music. It transforms them. They are subsumed into a new form, much in the way that the words of a psalm stop being just words when sung. The music swallows the words. There is no longer just a poem but music, a song. In liturgy, there must not be a dance, then a song, then a play, and then a story. All of those forms must be swallowed up in a new artistic commanding form of ritual.

There is a danger here. When I speak about liturgy involving feelings, I sense I am about to fall into a trap. The creative artist of worship is not supposed to be expressing how he/she *feels* about faith at any given moment. The artwork contains *ideas* about feelings, but it is the *ideas* about feelings that are expressed, not brute, bold, "touchy-feely" sensitivity-session feelings. That is not art. Art is an expression of the ideas of human meaningfulness and feelingfulness which are present for perception and participation.

THERE ARE FOUR stages of creativity involved in the performing arts of drama, dance, music, poetry, and ritual.

1. The first stage is the artist's encounter with the world. The artist looks at reality and it dissolves and diffuses and is recreated! There is an intense surrender of the imagination to the encounter with reality. The artist *participates* in that reality rather than merely looks at it or labels it. When an artist paints a picture, for example, it is not just a picture of a tree. It is the artist's imaginative knowing of what it is like to be *inside* that tree.

The same thing needs to happen for ritual artists. Such persons surrender to the dual worlds of the ritual *texts* and the present *times*. The texts interact with the times in terms of liturgical creativity. How can the texts throw light on the times? How do the times, in turn, help us interpret the texts? From that encounter, an insight into the truth about life is formed, and that insight is feelingful.

What is this aesthetic insight? Gerard Manley Hopkins says there are two ways of taking in the world around us. Some people *look* at it, and other people *see* it. John Dewey said

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there are two ways in which people respond to the world. Some people merely *observe* the world. They simply label and recognize things. Other people *perceive* and *participate* in what they experience. They live in it. That is what happens in the aesthetic encounter. It is not enough to look at the text and the times. The imagination surrenders to this encounter so that we see, we perceive, and we participate in the mystery with feeling. This is aesthetic insight that is the seed of the expression and the experience of Mystery in ritual.

2. The second stage is the creation of the artwork which expresses the insight which has been born in the intense engagement with reality. A reciprocal dialogue between the artist and the art work is involved in this process. As one creates from his or her insight into the texts and the times, ritual will in turn create the artist. One will be transformed because one has created. This can change vision, values, and behavior.

I sometimes wonder whether I have really *created* a liturgy if my vision has not changed down deep. I suspect that I may have only *planned* a ritual if it did not change me. The creative artist takes all that material — the sounds, the movements, the words — and swallows them into a unified art piece. It becomes symbolic action that moves with rhythm. It goes somewhere with one energy leading to the next action.

An example: I attended a national meeting which involved a beautifully choreographed ritual. The Gospel Acclamation was a lively Howard Hughes's Alleluia. It soared and peaked. Then the deacon said, in a flat, nasal tone, "The Lord be with you . . ." It all fell flat. The energy of the acclamation went nowhere. One can create the most marvelous art work ritual in the world on the page but it can fail in performance.

3. The third step is the performance. Now, I hope that you are as nervous about my use of the word "performance" in relationship to ritual as I am. You do not want to be an *actor*. You are trying to pray. You want to be real. Liturgy is surely not *On Golden Pond*. But it is not reading recipes either. It is not waiting for the last thing to finish so that you can do your

RESPONSORIALS

SOME PERSONAL FAVORITES

I DO NOT ASSIMILATE change at all well. When they quit saying the Mass in Latin, I didn't like it. I thought about writing a letter of protest to the pope, but wasn't sure how much postage it would take. And when I neglected to protest that change, the church went even further, and began to eliminate some of my favorite prayers.

Naturally, God knows what the priest has in mind with regard to going unto his altar, but I liked hearing him state his intention. And I liked washing hands among the innocent and walking around thy altar, O God, so much that even now I say the words to myself. But it takes a slow priest to let me get it all in.

I comfort myself, though, with the addition of the responsorial psalm. The psalms speak to me, I mean me, personally, and I allow myself to dwell on their true meaning:

Prosper, O Lord, the work of my hands!

When righteous anger warrants my applying the palm of my hand against the anatomical roundness of the toddler you have chosen to leave in my care, O Lord, please grant that there will be no sharp objects concealed in the hip pockets which will cause my hand to bleed, break, or otherwise become ineffective. In a phrase, O Lord, grant that the exercise is truly more painful for him than for me.

Prosper, O Lord, the work of my hands!

Lord, you remember as well as I do, when spareribs were an inexpensive cut of meat, when the butcher all but paid you to take them home. Grant, O Lord, that I neither stagger nor faint when, in response to repeated requests from my family, I purchase them now for only slightly more than a minor king's ransom. Grant too, O Lord, that once I have brought them home, I neither undercook nor overseason them. And grant further that each of my loved ones fills up on potatoes and salad, and the amounts of bony meat I have apportioned them satisfy their appetites.

Prosper, O Lord, the work of my hands!

When I at last manage to write to my sister six states away, let her be appreciative of the missives she receives; laugh at the funny parts, sympathize with the sad parts, and above all, have the wisdom to know which is which. Lord, let her not comment unfavorably on the brevity of my offerings, calling to mind that when Paul addressed the Galatians, there were many of them to be called to the Faith, while I am operating one on one.

Prosper, O Lord, the work of my hands!

When, O Lord, against all the laws of nature, I find a sharpened pencil and seek to balance my checkbook, allow me, O Lord, to maintain my dignity in the face of what appears to be abysmal ignorance on the part of my banking institution. Permit me not to comment aloud on the need for bank examiners, particularly, O Lord, when I have added a deposit twice, or have failed to enter the check to the insurance company.

Prosper, O Lord, the work of my hands!

The only problem I have encountered with enlarging thus on the psalm is that the priest goes on without me, and, sometimes, I miss the sermon entirely. Sorry, Monsignor!

HELENE O'SHEA

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thing and let the next person get on with her or his. It is ministers interacting, picking up energy from one another. That creates the felt rhythm in the ritual.

This is putting into action an art work that must not stay on the page. Our problem is that our liturgies so often stay on the page. We *read* them at one another. We don't *enact* them together.

A story may help to make this point more clear. A middle-aged priest in Washington, D.C. was trying to improve his style as a presider in the community of worship. He asked Bill Graham, the Director of the Drama Department at Catholic University, to help him. (Bill is a friend and told me the story.) The priest is there with the book on one side of the "altar," simulating a Mass to let Bill see how he does it. He gets to the preface. His hands are up in the *orans* position. He begins to recite the preface of the Eucharistic Prayer, only to discover that he is not on the right page of the Sacramentary. He begins the preface dialogue, "The Lord be with you," etc., while leafing through the book, eyes searching the pages for the proper place.

The drama professor interrupted: "Wait a minute, Father. What are you doing?"

"Well, I'm reading what's prescribed here in the book — 'The Lord be with you' . . . 'Lift up your hearts,' " replied the priest.

"But don't you realize," the dramatist said, "this is a dialogue? You should be looking at the people."

So the priest looked straight ahead and said with neither facial expression nor verbal inflection, "The Lord be with you," etc.

"Wait a minute, Father. What are you doing?" repeated the artist.

Now the priest became annoyed. With frustration evident in his voice, he replied, "I'm looking at the people just the way you told me to."

"But doesn't this mean anything to you? Could you put some feeling into your face and sounds?"

"Look," said the priest with restrained anger, "I'm not going to be an actor."

The dramatist shot back, "Well, Father, if you don't want to be an actor, take off the costume."

Ritual *is* dramatic action.

4. The fourth and final step in this process is called perception. In liturgy, perception is linked with performance, because the performance is not those "on the stage" acting for those "out there" in the entire assembly. The assembly performs its ritual. It is a performing audience. It is in the performance that the perception takes place. In the performance, imaginations are engaged to perceive the truth that is more than meets the eye: the Mystery of Christ present in the assembly. In this way liturgy can become what the Constitution on the Liturgy says it is: an expression and an experience of the Mystery of Christ and the nature of the church.

There is a danger, of course, in creating these aesthetic ritual objects for mere titillation or pleasure. If all that is created is elite art or even folk art that fails to send forth the assembly with the strength to draw the spirit out of the world, then the boat has been missed. Ritual is there to transform the community, to send it back to its ordinary experience to transform the world into the Kingdom.

We must stop speaking about liturgy *and* the arts as if the arts were some sort of a décor dropped upon some text called liturgy. The arts are not something to be inserted between the layers of the cake to give it a little extra flavor. Liturgy does not *use* the arts. It *is* an art.

I think we do a great disservice to ourselves and to worship by continuing to talk about liturgy *and* the arts. Liturgy *is* an art. It is an art very much like drama. Very much like dance. Very much like music and poetry. Liturgy is like the core of all these occurrent or performing arts. If I believe that liturgy is an art, I will stop talking about liturgy planning and start speaking about liturgical creating, composing, and choreographing. Liturgy is an art not of space which you plan and shape and design. It is an art of time which needs to be created and composed and choreographed in a rhythmed expression.

If liturgy is to become the kind of expressive form it is by nature, namely, an aesthetic form, then four changes are called for. First, those who minister in liturgy need to develop their own aesthetic sensitivities. Second, liturgical studies should include an aesthetic component as well as theological and historical components. Third, ministerial formation should include aesthetic dimensions. Fourth, the parish must invest money in its ritual life.

In the parish itself, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Many have asked me, how do you know this works? Can parishioners understand an aesthetic approach to liturgy? What are our people going to say? I say: try it, they'll like it. People do not need great *explanations* about the history, the theology, the aesthetics of liturgy. They do want to *know* and *feel* the presence of God. If we follow this approach, we can create and retrieve those conditions which make it possible for people to experience the sacred. The Mystery may not be so missing from Mass.

For it to be right, we must have people who know how to

A LUCID, SYMPATHETIC documentary on the life of Thomas Merton will be shown on the PBS television network on June 5. The film includes marvelous old photos, rare recordings of Merton's voice, and beautifully edited interviews with a wide range of people whom he touched, e.g. Archbishop Jean Jadot, publisher Robert Giroux, poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti, songwriter Joan Baez, and Nicaraguan Minister Ernesto Cardenal.

The movie also documents hierarchical resistance to Merton's initial peace activities in the 1960s. It provides a strong glimpse of the human Merton, who humorously demanded "my basic right not to be turned into a pious myth for Catholic children in parochial schools." The film, produced by Paul Wilkes and Audrey L. Glynn, fulfills this wish admirably. TOM O'BRIEN

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make *rite*, how to make text into event. This will require us to budget enough money to train local people or hire professional people to do this in our parishes. We need an artist person to create this work. A work of art is not normally the product of a committee!

All of this movement toward grasping the aesthetic nature of ritual action finds support in the comments of the great American scholar and educator, John Dewey. In *Art As Experience*, Dewey wrote:

> The ordinances of religion . . . are efficacious as they are clothed with a pomp, a dignity, and majesty that are the work of imagination (p. 326).

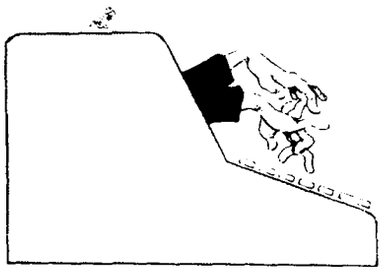
The church, Dewey points out, has always, at its best, connected its faith with the arts. Because of this aesthetic strand, he asserts, ". . . religious teachings were the more readily conveyed and their effect was the more lasting. By the art in them, they were changed from doctrines into living experiences" (p. 329).

The changes yet to come in the liturgical renewal may be more profound than those of the past twenty years. Turning texts and structures into events which engage the imagination to know the presence of Mystery in the assembly will be breathtaking and difficult. Something in a novel by James Carroll expresses this well.

The book is *Madonna Red*. The scene is Washington, D.C. There is a priest at St. Matthew's Cathedral who is preparing the daughter of the British ambassador for her first communion, and the ambassador is saying to the priest, " 'Perhaps Father, you'd understand what I'm saying, perhaps you'd understand what I mean if you had a daughter, too. Frankly, I don't think Catholicism as it now is will engage her imagination sufficiently to survive into adulthood with her.'

" 'I think I do understand what you mean,' Father Tierney said, 'And in a small way, I do have a daughter . . . yours. And the challenge of nurturing in her a religious, Catholic imagination leaves me winded.' "

Perhaps it is only after being winded, having come off all the hot air and explanations, that a liturgy can be developed which explores Mystery. Only when wind becomes the breath of the Spirit, which moves the imagination of believers, will the Spirit merge and mesh with spirits to disclose the Gospel powerfully to this people and time. Perhaps only when liturgy is an art will the church more effectively express and experience the mystery which is Christ in us.



TECHNOLOGY STYMIES THE UNIONS

On the white-collar assembly line

MARC LEVINSON

IN THE Atlanta office of a major computer firm, a subdued silence reigns in the typing pool. Here, their desks separated by color-coordinated partitions, a dozen women spend their days. The company's executives never venture into the third-floor room; instead, they call in their dictation by telephone at home or office. The tiny tapes from the automatic recorders drop into a metal tray, where a supervisor logs them in and assigns them to the next available typist. With their printers working steadily away beneath sound-dampening plastic shields, the women listen to one tape after another, turning their recorders off and on with foot pedals as they transcribe. At the side of each machine, a counter silently registers each line as it is typed. The supervisor picks up the finished pages and distributes them throughout the building; except for lunch and coffee, the typists need never leave their scientifically designed chairs.

These are the production workers of the 1980s, white-collar workers whose jobs have been transformed by technology into routine functions similar to those of the assembly line. The repetition, the alienation, are no less than what workers in dead-end factory jobs often find. But there is one important difference between the white-collar production workers and their blue-collar counterparts. The office workers are far less likely to be represented by a union.

This was to have been the decade for white-collar organizing. "The eighties will be for organizing clerical workers what the thirties were for industrial workers," proclaimed Karen Nussbaum of Working Women, a national group organizing white-collar workers, in 1980. "The Steelworkers will pursue white collar organizing with a vengeance," promised Leon Lynch, a vice-president of the United Steelworkers of America, two years later. But, despite all the rhetoric, union elections among clerical and technical workers are still few and far between. The number of unionized banks can be counted on fingers and toes. Only a relative handful of insurance workers are organized. Among law firms, unionization has gone nowhere. Outside of government offices, the union presence remains almost nonexistent.

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In theory, technology should ease the unions' way. The personal nature of office relationships has long made unionization harder there than in factories; for a secretary with a long-standing personal relationship with a specific boss, supporting a union has meant separating her feelings about the company from her personal feelings about the person she works for on a daily basis.

Secretaries working directly for management personnel have often felt closer ties to the executives they work for than to their fellow secretaries, and employers have played heavily on those loyalties. The automated office, in which secretaries may work for several bosses, in which file clerks and typists can be located in sterile, factory-like settings with none of the personal reinforcement of the old-fashioned office, was expected to offer a better environment for unions than the old-fashioned office. In addition, unions expected that the feminist political consciousness of recent years would work in their favor. Things have not turned out that way.

"What is happening as a result of the technology is the passing away of the relatively high-paid middle range of jobs, the bookkeepers, secretaries, and others with high skills," worries Mark Roberts, an economist for the AFL-CIO. "Then we've got an increase in low-wage jobs, where skills are broken down, so you have a spread between high-paid and low-paid. There will be fewer people in the middle, and it is those people who have traditionally been most responsive to unions."

Technology also creates the possibility of a new sort of runaway shop. Firms have already begun to send keypunch work to the English-speaking Caribbean, where the finished product can be beamed back to the U.S. by satellite and entered into a computer as easily as if it had been typed in New York. Location is no longer important for many functions. Moving the office simply involves shipping the computer terminals somewhere else. Soon after clerical workers at the Equitable Life Assurance Society's office in Syracuse voted for a union in 1981, the company announced plans to shift the work elsewhere; the employees still have no contract. The prospect of similar action ended an attempt by the Office and Professional Employees International Union (OPEIU) to organize the four regional offices of Government Employees Insurance Company. "We decided not to go for an election if we weren't sure we could win at all four offices," an organizer relates. "If we'd won one or two, the company would have moved the work. We just couldn't do that to our people." To gain enough leverage to win a good contract, unions are thus faced with the need to organize many far-flung facilities at the same time, a far more difficult task than organizing a single plant.

With microprocessor technology, such routine work may be shifted out of the office altogether. One recent estimate has it that up to five million clerical, technical, and professional workers will work from their homes by the end of the decade. Many of them will be independent contractors, not employees who can be organized. Concerted action to gain wage and benefit improvements will be next to impossible, and the self-employed white-collar workers with their home computers will offer an easy alternative for employers faced with organizing drives.

The character of the electronic office also poses an obstacle for organizers. Traditionally, unions have done best among those who viewed themselves as long-term employees. A worker who sees his job as temporary, or who has no plans to make his long-term future with the company, has little incentive to take the risks involved in supporting a union. Increasingly, however, companies are seeking to make themselves more flexible in the face of rapidly changing conditions and to save themselves retraining costs by encouraging employee turnover. Fringe benefit packages work towards this end: with "cafeteria" plans, workers have a choice of benefits, and young workers are able to select vacations and other short-term benefits rather than the pension plans which bind them to their employer over the long term. As a result, in many office occupations ranging from word processing to computer programming, dissatisfied workers are less likely to go to the effort involved in bringing in a union and more likely just to seek another job.

Because of such obstacles, many unions have written off some industries altogether. OPEIU, one of the leading unions in the field, admits it has no interest in organizing law firms and banks. "If you can't get the main office of the bank along with the rest of the outside staff, it'll be very difficult to get a contract because you can't run an effective strike," says Mark Reader, director of organizing for the OPEIU. "It's really difficult to get interest in banks. You spend weeks at hearings litigating who's management and who's not." As for law firms, Reader's boss, OPEIU president John Kelly, makes no bones about his view. "It's absolutely crazy to organize that," he says.

All of this bodes ill for organized labor, and for the country as a whole. As office workers become a larger and larger proportion of the American workforce, the share of U.S. workers represented by unions will continue to shrink. Unions' influence on wages and working conditions will diminish, unless they find a way to organize the massive numbers of unorganized. But the circumstances of office work today make this increasingly unlikely. Add to this the frequent intervention of anti-union consultants whenever organizing is attempted, and the idiosyncracies of a labor law that hinders organizing by leaving it unclear who is labor and who management or whether a bank branch or the entire bank is the proper unit for organizing. The results are clear. The white-collar union will remain a mirage.

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SUCCESS COMETH BEFORE A FALL

Is Irish Catholicism dying?

PEADAR KIRBY

THE SYMBOLIC YEAR 1984 opened in Ireland with another of those periodic rows into which the Catholic bishops seem adept at landing themselves. With the passions engendered by last September's abortion referendum just beginning to subside, the bishops, in a lengthy document leaked to the press in mid-January, returned to the subject which lay at the heart of that anguished debate — the degree to which the Catholic church can expect to influence legislation on moral (for which read sexual) matters in the Republic.

January's document was a detailed submission by the episcopal conference to the deliberations of the New Ireland Forum, a political initiative of the liberal Taoiseach (Prime Minister) of the Republic, Dr. Garret FitzGerald, which groups leading members of the three main parties in the South with those of the largest "Catholic" party in the North, the SDLP, to examine all aspects of the Northern Ireland problem and propose an all-party solution. Though not addressed to any particular issue, the bishops' comments on the need to respect and safeguard the moral principles of the majority of the citizens in the framing of any new legislation were widely taken to indicate an opposition to the current moves in the Republic to change the constitutional ban on divorce. Predictably, liberal opinion, led by the media, raised its voice in horror; in reply, the primate, Cardinal Tomas O'Fiaich, asked in a slightly pained tone what else they could have been expected to say.

This relatively minor row is important because it illustrates the dilemma in which Irish Catholic church leaders increasingly find themselves. Underlying their public stances, particularly on the always touchy subject of liberalizing the law on matters of sexual morality, is an assumption that they speak for the Catholic people of Ireland. Thus, in their submission to the Forum, they speak of "the moral perception of the citizens" which "will be influenced by the religious teaching to which they adhere."

This Catholic people, they assume, is the vast majority, while those who lobby for contraception or divorce constitute a minority which, through its domination of the media, exercises an influence far in excess of its numbers. Significantly the episcopal submission warns governments and parliaments against yielding too easily to the demands of pressure groups.

Few can fault the logic of the bishops' position or their right to express it. But the problem is that it increasingly appears to be based on a fiction, namely the existence of a staunchly believing Catholic people. The reality rather, confirmed by numerous statistical surveys done over the past ten years, is that the unique phenomenon of Irish Catholicism is dying. The strict identification of Irish identity with Catholicism and its expression through a highly disciplined and clerical church appears to be far advanced on the road to decay.

This decay is not yet evident on the surface in Ireland. Sunday Mass remains a widespread practice, with the most recent statistics (1980) revealing that 82 percent of Irish Catholics and 72 percent of those between 17-30 go to Mass every Sunday. Yet these figures constitute a dramatic decline in churchgoing among those groups which are on the increase in Irish society, the young, and educated urban dwellers. Contrast the 1980 figures with the first national survey of belief and practice (1973-74). The latter showed 91 percent attending Sunday Mass, including 85 percent of the 18-30 age group.

Much more revealing, however, was the quality of faith contrasted by these surveys. The vast majority gave their reason for going to Sunday Mass as fulfilling the law or a sense of duty, while only 26 percent admitted to ever having a religious experience. The figure dropped to 16 percent for those who said they found religion helpful in times of stress. A marked divorce between practice and moral values was also shown in the surveys. As Father Liam Ryan, professor of sociology at Maynooth, pointed out in an article last year synthesizing the results of different surveys in the field: "Over one-third of respondents report that religious principles seldom if ever guide their behavior. This figure increases to 55 percent for city-born, and to 61 percent for the under-thirty age group. Over a third thought it right to put their own interests first, and only 28 percent would put the demands of religion first if they clashed with the interests of family, work, or even recreation." As a working party set up by the bishops to report on the pastoral implications of the 1973-74 survey reported: "The clear trend among the younger age groups is towards a marginalization of religion into a ritualized practice. Religion appears as a fringe activity of one's private life."

In the light of this schizophrenic faith, the increasing

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majorities shown by successive surveys in favor of legalizing divorce or further liberalizing the sale of contraceptives are not to be wondered at. However, they point to a particular challenge which appears to be lost on the Irish hierarchy. For as they show themselves staunch in seeking to defend values, the very people on whose behalf they say they speak are showing little or no commitment to those values. Little as the bishops might like to admit it, it is the liberal "pressure groups" using the pulpit of the media to preach their particular moral codes who are molding the values of the majority of the Irish people today. The only groups that seem to take the bishops seriously on these issues are those tiny ultra-conservative Catholic groups whose crusading defense of traditional morality is largely linked to a futile resistance to all social change. For most bishops these are an acute embarrassment.

The bishops' loss of influence is not due to any institutional weakness. The Irish Catholic church has responded better than most to the challenges of institutional adaptation in the post-Vatican II period. Thus new catechetical programs have been introduced, and institutes opened to train teachers. Numerous episcopal commissions have been set up, like the Commission for World Development, Trocaire, which have been enormously successful. The new liturgy has been introduced without any significant backlash. And new issues such as social justice or nuclear disarmament have warranted major episcopal statements.

In many ways the real problem of the Irish Catholic church is due precisely to the very strength and success of its institutions. For the huge expansion of the numbers of clergy and religious in Ireland from the 1850s right up to the 1960s led to the development of a highly clericalized church, with clergy and religious dominating all church activity, and the laity reduced to a largely passive and conformist role. Furthermore, the institutionalization of all church ministry in parishes, schools, hospitals, and charitable institutions in that period of expansion made the veritable army of church officials prisoners of their own institutions, unable to adapt to the challenges of Vatican II or of the liberalization and expansion of Irish society in the 1960s. As a recent survey of youth attitudes to religion and the church discovered, most young people see the church as "an excluding church" offering them neither acceptance nor openness to their distinctive experiences and needs.

Another result of such a clericalized church is the lack of lay involvement. The percentages of lay Catholics actively involved in parish life is very low by international standards, only 5.6 percent. Furthermore, most of these lay participants are active in traditional organizations which embody little of the vision of a post-Vatican II church. As yet the church has provided few opportunities for lay people to explore their faith in a more challenging and socially committed way, and few lay Catholics seem to expect or demand such opportunities or challenges.

Any staunch defense of traditional moral values at the expense of some far-reaching pastoral program to involve lay people actively in the life of the church is bound therefore to result in the tired, bored, and mostly confused attitude most Irish Catholics have to their bishops. In the absence of any real attempt on the part of the clergy to draw closer to the people, to listen sympathetically to their needs and experiences, and to fashion with them some new ways of living as church in this new situation, the only result can be the constant weakening of the residue of Christian faith which remains. This is what is fast happening in Ireland, and the church leadership seems largely unaware of it. As the bishops' own working party of 1977-78 warned, there is a great danger "that Irish Catholicism is increasingly absent from the major tasks of social, political, and human progress which face us." As with so many other attempts to alert church leaders to the challenge facing them, this warning was largely ignored. It is a death wish of astounding proportions.

Screen

MONEY & MUTINY

AND MAYHEM & MUTILATION

L'ARGENT is derived from a short story by Tolstoy, and its director, French film master Robert Bresson, shares Tolstoy's old moralist's venom against both the complexities of civilization and the complexities of its art. Like his other films *(Lancelot du Lac, The Trial of Joan of Arc)*, *L'Argent* is filmed in Bresson's bleak, laconic style — the kind of understatement that became a fetish to Tolstoy as he rejected the rich realism of his earlier novels. Bresson, similarly, seems to exploit understatement to defy an audience's expectations of what a realistic film ought to be. Depending on your point of view, Bresson both succeeds and fails — if, indeed, given his aims, the two are distinguishable. *L'Argent* won the Grand Prize of the 1983 Cannes Film Festival; appropriately, Bresson was booed when he rose to accept the award. My own response spanned both reactions; I left *L'Argent* both exasperated and enlightened.

L'Argent is a stark tale about how money corrupts and destroys human personality. A counterfeit bill is passed in a camera shop, and gets passed in turn to a gas man, who gets charged with the crime, loses his job, turns to real robbery, is jailed, loses his wife and child, and eventually is driven to murder. The screenplay is bare, and the action transpires with a minimum of emotional display, even on the part of the victim and his eventual victims. The story is an absurdist parable, reminiscent of plays like Ionesco's *The Chairs* or *The New Tenant*, where human beings are subordinated to things and where human conversational exchange is reduced to the barest, bleakest noncommunication.

But what works so comically in theater of the absurd is not so successful with tragic material, where the excessive contrivance of Bresson's technique prevents a passionate pre-

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sentation of character. How, I wondered as I left the theater, could anyone — in the name of whatever message — hold to such a robot-like view of human beings? Yet why, after expressing my frustration with Bresson's mode, did I feel lightened, my senses more acute, as if cleaned in some subconscious way?

The answer involves Bresson's method, which represents the cerebrality of European filmmaking at its best and worst. Bresson dehumanizes his characters because he believes money does. His people become less important than the material objects that surround them. Indeed, the movie might very well have been titled *Doors*, for it often resembles an essay on the classification of exits and entrances. The first scenes in the camera shop involve so many different people opening the front door, then the door to the darkroom, that you might think Bresson got his camera caught in some sort of cinematic revolving door. Once we get into the prison, moreover, Bresson has a field day with his symbol, with shots of numerous courtroom partitions and the inevitable clank of the old slammer. Finally the door business becomes laughable, one of those super-telegraphed clunkers like the glass of curaçao which Madame Bovary licks and that the French, with their dreary theories, mistake for arty symbolism.

On the other hand, such an essay in the examination of material objects — their borders, their partitions, almost their *feel* — left me at least *seeing* differently. When I left the theater, I felt that my brain had been inside a pencil sharpener, and my perception of shapes tutored into an acute consciousness of their abstract being and bounding of my life. To a degree, moreover, the tale of the gas man had some power to frighten.

I did not, however, feel corrupt. If Bresson meant to moralize, he has missed his mark. It is difficult to recognize our ordinary transactions with money in this tale, or any of the evasions and elisions it forces on us, say, around April 15. Granting that money may be the root of all evil, is all money the root of all evil? Money can possess us; we can also learn how to possess it without contamination. In Bresson's stony, unrelenting tale, there is no chance to breathe this alternative. You don't feel that money dominates you when you watch *L'Argent*; you feel Bresson does.

I DIDN'T SEE *Friday the 13th, The Final Chapter*, I heard it. It was being shown next door in a split "quad" theater. To be precise, I didn't hear the movie either; I heard the screams of the audience watching and responding to the gory slaughter on the screen. It was the reverse of watching a movie without headphones on an airplane, but my audio was secondhand. It was, however, enough to tell me not to see the film. My part of the theater rocked with demented howls, as if the audience next door were being murdered, or had become savage enough to commit murder themselves.

Later I discovered what happens in *Friday the 13th*, the latest in the quaintly named genre of "teen slasher films." The slasher here is one Jason, an alienated adolescent jealous of the sexual hijinks of his peers. So he axes a girl who has just slept with her boyfriend for the first time, corkscrews a boy who has just "scored," and knifes another girl while she's suggestively gobbling a banana. That's for starters, since I heard more than three audience screams.

Of course, one is not supposed to condemn movies one hasn't seen, and this is really quite illiberal of me. It's a symptom of other potential sins, like judging on the basis of rumor and stereotype, and once we start doing that, the liberal argument reads, who knows what sins we might commit against broadmindedness. So pray for me as I descend the slippery slope to censorship. Something tells me that *Friday the 13th* is a rotten movie, and that I don't have to see it to say that.

Friday the 13th has certainly been highly profitable. On its first weekend out (timed perfectly for Friday, April 13, one of several such Fridays this year), the movie grossed more than any other film has *ever* made in its initial three days. There was some slacking off on the following weekends, but sales continued high, and presumably the screams too. Perhaps this movie should have been titled *L'Argent* as well.

This is no reason to mount a jeremiad on the decline and fall of American taste. The young people who flock to the movie do so because of their own repressed Jason-like anger, their own fear and fascination with sex — forces that have been exacerbated in some by poverty and in all by a commercial culture that exploits sexuality without ever explaining it. Nevertheless, people, young and old, have been pandering to violent and aphrodisiac art for centuries, from the gladiator shows to cockfighting in Shakespeare's days — indeed, to Shakespeare himself. *Friday the 13th*, in short, doesn't lead me to denounce our culture, society, and economy, which may simply reflect my illiberal mood. But it does lead me to a recommendation.

What is the difference between *Friday the 13th* and basic porn? Even by our liberal guidelines, porn has been controlled by limiting its presentation to certain neighborhoods where local "standards" make it tolerable; in Manhattan, for example, sleaze stays pretty much in Times Square. Porn films are given this treatment not simply because of their depiction of sex, but because they treat nothing but sex; they don't involve dramas with human beings, but screenplays with copulations. Why not apply the same logic to grossly violent films, films which exist only to exploit dismemberment? Great art, it is true, often involves violence; Shakespeare put the literally obscene on stage with the blinding of Gloucester in *Lear*. But art involves a method to mayhem. Without a dramatic point to violent films, why not classify them as a kind of pornography — give them an "X" or a "Z" rating — and use law and social pressure to limit their distribution? This is especially pertinent for *Friday the 13th* since most of Jason's victims are women; the movie simply literalizes the violence against women that feminist groups have identified as the core of pornography.

AS COLE PORTER asked of American servicemen at the dawn of the modern age in the 1920s, "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?" But some-

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times civilization pales when compared to the delights of nature, and film versions of *The Mutiny on The Bounty* have asked a different question: how could Captain Bligh keep them calm on the deck after they'd seen Tahiti?

To its credit, the newest recounting of the mutiny, simply called *The Bounty*, asks a different question: who exactly was Captain Bligh? He left a name synonymous with martinet, which Charles Laughton's memorable 1935 portrayal translated into sadist. But in *The Bounty* we get to know Bligh as a human being, gentle in his own way, though ambitious, to be sure.

Nevertheless, *The Bounty*, at best, is a mixed success. It is spectacularly shot, especially in the open sea sequences, which still retain the look associated with the original director, David Lean. It is also powerfully acted, with Mel Gibson as mutineer Fletcher Christian and Anthony Hopkins as the troubled, driven, all-too-human Bligh. As the early scenes show, Bligh was a loving father, a kindly friend to Christian, and an exceptional sailor battling the aristocratic prejudices of the admiralty. His Tahitian breadfruit expedition — as Hopkins laughingly terms it, a "grocery trip" — promised glory if he could circumnavigate via the treacherous Horn. His sailors, after Polynesia, didn't agree, and dumped him into an open boat.

Great art can often be made from raw material like Bligh's combination of decency and dementia, but *The Bounty* blunts its power by a static dramatic method. The whole story is seen via flashback at a naval inquisition held, not to try the mutineers, but to determine if and how Bligh had failed. Though aided by the presence of Laurence Olivier and James Fox as skeptical British officers, the trial begins slowly. Worse, the flashback from the trial leads to Bligh's history *previous* to the main action — his plans, his family life, his recruitment of staff, including Christian. The material, in short, is historically valuable, chronologically accurate, and dramatically inert; we learn, but yawn. Worst of all, although the trial eventually makes for some effective counterpoint with the sea voyage and mutiny, references to it are dropped at a critical juncture, just when it seemed the film had found its rhythm.

These defects are unfortunate, since the issue the film raises is morally significant. By questioning the traditional romantic view of the mutiny, and refusing to treat an authority figure as an easy scapegoat, *The Bounty* reflects doubts about our anti-establishmentarian sensibility, about the assumption that all power corrupts, and about our culture's proclivity to anarchy. But *The Bounty* does not turn neoconservative: while Bligh isn't wrong, Christian isn't either. Instead of stock melodrama, and stereotypical politics, *The Bounty* provides an image of two tragically divided points of view, to both of which, alas, life makes perfect sense. It is refreshing to see such a treatment of conflict, where black and white hats are replaced by vulnerable human beings, their foibles, their passions, the pressures of events, and mainly the limits of their understanding. At best, *The Bounty* feels like life.

Nevertheless, it is hard to make a movie without heroes and villains — hard, but not impossible. The medium is implicitly sensational, and everything else — drama, structure, pacing — must cohere perfectly to create effective ambiguity. A film can be uncertain in its verdicts, but it better be clear about its uncertainties, define them quickly, and pursue them relentlessly. *The Bounty* doesn't. TOM O'BRIEN

(Tom O'Brien, one of the guest critics reviewing movies for Commonweal, *teaches at the Manhattan School of Music.)*

Music

SOUL SHAKERS

SONGS BOTH HAPPY & SAD

"White Americans seem to feel that happy songs are happy and sad songs are sad, and that, God help us, is exactly the way most white Americans sing them . . ."
James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*

WHEN James Baldwin wrote those lines he wasn't referring to Susan Osborn. As lead vocalist in the Paul Winter Consort she has appeared in numerous concerts and made her album debut on the widely acclaimed "Common Ground" LP. I first heard her at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine. I was in the front row and I remember that evening very vividly: I remember the sacredness of the cathedral, its vastness and silence. And I remember the singer's voice filling the space in that immense vaulted chamber the way the light of a candle fills a darkened room. I also remember that I sat there with the tears running down my face not knowing quite why they were coming, or caring, had I known, how to stop them. I left in a trance-like state, but vaguely putting this concert in the same mental category as a Mary Lou Williams gig two years before and an Arthur Rubinstein concert three years earlier.

Months later, I found out that Susan Osborn would be doing a concert on the West Coast in conjunction with a conference I was planning to attend. I went, full of expectation, and in many ways I wasn't disappointed. However, most of the songs that evening just did not hit me in the solar plexus as the ones did months before in the cathedral.

Yet one glorious, magical song did emerge. Susan Osborn put her guitar down, closed her eyes, and proceeded to intone a melody she had written for a Hopi Indian chant while on a raft trip down the Colorado River. The words, and the raw unaccompanied melody of that chant are still reverberating in my brain. There was no applause afterwards. Just silence. I had the same feeling I did throughout the concert in the cathedral. Something had been revealed to me, deeply personal in the singer, and, in turn, within me. After that number the evening continued as it had started, with another five or six folk songs — nice, pleasant, entertaining. But they did not embody the kind of archetypal essence I heard in the cathedral, or in the Indian chant.

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I pondered over this: the seeming disparity between the chant and the other more or less identical folk/pop songs. A few days later at a workshop a theologian asked us to reflect on what our earliest images were of what it was to be a "good man" or a "good woman." Susan Osborn was herself in attendance, and at one point she said: "You know, my image of a good woman was someone who was nice all the time, at all costs." Nice at all costs. Suddenly it struck me: those songs, those identical folk tunes she sings are "nice," non-threatening, both for Susan and her audience. The chant, and the cathedral pieces, on the other hand, go far beyond mere entertainment. They are challenging. They put us on the spot and make us feel as if we are the ones performing. But why?

Around the time of the cathedral concert a documentary film about Gospel music called *Say Amen, Somebody* was released in New York. It focused primarily on the lives of the black women who helped create and nurture this unique art form: the Barret Sisters, Zella Jackson Price, and Willie Mae Ford Smith. Halfway through the film it becomes apparent that these women are not just singers, they are healers, shamans, and ministers. The church scenes are filled with teary, emotionally charged parishioners (not to mention the people in the movie theater). Listening to this music, this high-powered pulling out of all the stops, this no-holds-barred Gospel music, empties and invigorates you in a way that other art forms rarely achieve. These women are the movers and shakers of the soul and they stop at nothing (or rather the spirit within stops at nothing), until the psychic residual, both in themselves and their audience, is cleared away.

And yet the men in this film, the lovers and sons and brothers of these women, are clearly intimidated by their music and their power. In a demanding and hostile tone Willie Mae's son asks, in essence, why she thinks she, a *woman*, had the right to play minister, i.e., a man's job! She shrugs and gives him a blank look. What can she say? She doesn't say much, actually . . . but that doesn't stop her from singing! So, for Willie Mae, as for the other women in the film, being a professional Gospel singer is not all glamour and limelight and ecstatic Sunday morning ritual. There is a definite backlash that they must contend with as a result of their "calling."

And while this music is entertaining I would by no means call it nice, and certainly not non-threatening. This music sets every cell, every fiber and molecule of your being on fire; it hastens from you all that is vital, alive, and burgeoning. However, it also beckons that which might more easily have been left untouched and unquestioned. In spite, or perhaps because, of its challenging nature, Gospel is revitalizing and healing.

Susan Osborn, like the women in *Say Amen, Somebody*, is a healer. Her concerts, when she taps into that primordial, unfathomable energy are not just concerts, they're rites of passage. So, like Willie Mae Smith, she often deals with an almost unbridled power whose origin and outcome are largely unknown. What are the chances that she takes, or a Gospel singer takes, when they sing and totally open themselves to this power? What are the chances that we, the audience take when we choose, or *allow*, ourselves to listen? It seems to me that faith, the essence within that enables us to listen, to hear not only music but Life, involves both angst and joy. And the ability to truly listen (and a performer "listens" just as much if not more than her audience), this receptiveness to the New is not too different from an openness in our beings that often results in pain and ultimately wounds. Vulnerability, in other words, is vulnerability.

Susan Osborn, at her best, demands this vulnerability of both her audience and herself. "White Americans seem to feel that happy songs are happy and sad songs are sad." Maybe. But only rarely when listening to Susan Osborn.

ROBIN H. BIDGOOD

(Robin H. Bidgood is a free-lance writer.)

Books: OH, WHAT THE HEX

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

John Updike

Knopf, $15.95, 307 pp.

Phillip Corwin

IN a memoir written in 1962, entitled "The Dogwood Tree: A Boyhood," John Updike told how his three great boyhood fascinations were sex, religion, and art. They have not radically altered in the past twenty-two years, through twenty-eight books. Like ingredients in a witches' brew, they have been mixed again and again and then poured into different molds: small-town Pennsylvania, small-town Massachusetts, middle-class marriage, the roving life of an author, Africa. They are the trinity of his dubious faith, the elusive grail of his erudite and mercilessly detailed quests.

His new novel, about three witches and the intrusion of a mysterious, wealthy stranger from New York City into their small Rhode Island town, maintains Updike's three perennial concerns. In fact, the sexually active trio of witches are all artists of a sort: Alexandra is a sculptress, Jane is a musician, and Sukie is a writer. Moreover, their supernatural powers call into question, in a playful way, the role of spiritual energy in the modern world.

Alexandra, for her part, whose former husband rests "on a high kitchen shelf in a jar, reduced to multi-colored dust, the cap screwed on tight," can create thunderstorms. Jane, a cellist, can fly through the air; her former husband hangs in the cellar of her ranch house "among the dried herbs and simples and was occasionally sprinkled, a pinch at a time, into a philtre, for piquancy." Sukie, who can turn milk into cream, has "permanized"

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her ex-husband in plastic and uses him as a place mat.

Enter Darryl Van Horne, a pushy Manhattanite who sets up an alchemist's lab in an old mansion, and promises to refurbish it in a way that may prove an environmental threat both to the marshes and mentality of Eastwick. The time is the 1960s during the Vietnam war and the rising American drug culture. Predictably, Darryl and the three witches become involved, and then disinvolved. As a preeminent novelist of manners, Updike makes meaningful every nuance of behavior that occurs in Eastwick, and like Jane, sprinkles every happening for pungency.

In essence, this novel is yet another charming, clever, deft spell conjured up by an incredibly prolific imagination in Updike's continuous battle against the demons of the Enlightenment. For there is in Updike's work, and in this novel as well, invariably a war between rationalism and mysticism, between what is known, felt, and sensuously apprehended on the one hand, and what is beyond reason on the other.

In an early Updike story, "The Astronomer," the narrator relates a visit to him and his young wife by a learned astronomer. The narrator has been reading Kierkegaard. After the astronomer leaves, the narrator says: "The mingle on the table was only part of the greater confusion as in the heat of rapport our unrelated spirits and pasts scrambled together, bringing everything in the room with them, including the rubble of footnotes bound into Kierkegaard."

The confusion, the scrambling pasts and spirits, and the rubble of footnotes (which turn into literature) are all central for Updike. The problem with that brief story, however, is also the problem with Updike's new novel. Alas, it is the conception, the interspersed commentary, that is multi-dimensional; the characters themselves, and their situations, lack transcendence.

Perhaps no major writer in English since Yeats has been able to create literature out of personal experience to the extent Updike has. Perhaps no major American writer since Faulkner, or Hawthorne, has been able to find such richness in regionalism and parochial superstition. Yet Updike's achievement seems to be more one of artistic virtuosity than of coming to terms with a great theme, and often he dazzles with a superficiality that reminds one of a Fourth of July sparkler — sparks but no heat, light but no illumination; a treasured amusement, but no treasure.

Again and again John Updike has told us the particulars of white, middle-class social life in the rural Northeast. He has done it each time with shimmering, learned bursts of words, wit, and in this case, witchery. But at the end, one is hard pressed to take seriously the spirits and parts and rubble of Kierkegaardean implications. At the end one wonders, in the words of one of Updike's coven, which witch is which. Or, if it matters.

Getting the picture

INQUEST ON THE SHROUD OF TURIN
Joe Nickell
Prometheus Books, $14.95, 178 pp.

REPORT ON THE SHROUD OF TURIN
John H. Heller
Houghton Mifflin, $15.95, 225 pp.

PORTRAIT OF JESUS
Frank C. Tribbe
Stein & Day, $19.95, 281 pp.

Michael Zeik

EXCEPT for my picture in a high school yearbook, there is not a holy relic in the house. I have somehow managed to practice the faith without too much paraphernalia. I also have a problem with certain details of the Fatima story. All this is by way of personal background, before telling you that I am thoroughly impressed with the phenomenon of the "Shroud of Turin."

Since even the *New York Times* — evidently worried by the possibility of a mass religious conversion of its reading audience — saw fit to write an editorial on the Shroud, I can presume that most of you know what has been going on. There is, deposited in a vault in Turin, a long linen cloth, fourteen by three and a half feet wide, on which appear two faint images, head-to-head, exhibiting respectively the front and back of a nude man. The man has wounds. The wounds are the wounds of crucifixion. First photographed in 1898, the images produced a "positive," not a "negative," imprint; in other words, alien to all traditional artistic categories, the image on the Shroud was itself a "negative." Also contrary to all artistic tradition, the wounds appeared on the wrists, not the hands, of the crucified.

The linen cloth can be traced back 627 years to the town of Lirey, France. Its history prior to 1357 is conjectural. Edessa, in Anatolia, safe from the persecutions of the pagan Roman Empire, had a Christian community which in the first century A.D., boasted of an image of the Lord "not made by human hands." After the conversion of Constantine, the image was supposedly transferred to the capital; from Constantinople it passed, via the marauding Crusaders and the Knights Templar network, to Lirey, France.

The Middle Ages, of course, are notorious for the manufacture of religious relics; and the Shroud, insists Joe Nickell, ex-professional magician and private detective, is one of them. From the vast array of his objections, I present the four that stuck in my mind. First of all, the New Testament itself is completely silent on the existence of such a remarkable burial cloth. Secondly, the first French bishop who went on record regarding the Shroud, denounced it as an artistic forgery. Thirdly, the particular weave of the cloth was unknown until medieval times. And last, the alleged blood stains on the linen are merely particles of ferrous oxide, a standard base for red pigment.

Now for the other side of the story. In 1978, the church permitted a team of forty scientists to study the Shroud for a period of five days, using almost every conceivable type of modern technology. (The team, by the way, had only a few Catholic members; the rest were Jews,

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agnostics, and Protestants.) The forty scientists were virtually unanimous that the image on cloth had not been produced by any artistic, chemical, or physical technique now known to man.

There was one exception: the microanalyst, Walter McCrone, extensively quoted by Nickell, insisted, as already noted, that the so-called blood stains were only ferrous oxide pigmentation. John Heller, however, a Yale biophysicist, speaking for the rest of the team, asserted that McCrone had not removed his test samples from the Mylar tapes on which they were mounted, before analyzing them. Heller and his colleagues assert that their samples passed "six irrefutable tests" for blood.

Further, Prof. Gilbert Raes of the Ghent Institute of Textile Technology has judged that both the material and the weave of the Shroud are totally consistent with first-century textiles and looms.

As for the conjectural history of the cloth prior to its exhibition in medieval France, Dr. Max Frei, a botanist and pollen expert, whose testimony is regularly accepted in European courts of law, has identified pollen on the Shroud which could only have come from plants that grew in Palestine and Anatolia — some of which have been extinct for centuries.

What of Nickell's other objections? Frank Tribbe, an attorney who was for twenty years Assistant General Counsel of the U.S. Information Agency, points out that the first Jewish Christians were not in a position to flaunt any relics of the crucifixion. In any case, their own Jewish background would make them hesitant to revere "images" — especially one which would have been ritually impure in the first place, owing to its contact with a corpse! So much for the silence of Scripture.

As regards the medieval bishop who claimed to have detected artistic forgery, all sorts of petty jurisdictional quarrels might have led to his accusations. He was, indeed, silenced by the very pope to whom he appealed for a condemnation of the Shroud.

Since the scientific tests in 1978, by the way, new evidence has accumulated. Computer enhancements of Shroud photographs has suggested the presence of coins on the eyelids of the figure (consistent with first century Jewish burial customs). The coins have been identified as the "Julia" coins, struck in 29 A.D. to honor Caesar's mother who died that year. One cannot laugh off facts like these.

I wish, however, that Tribbe had not seen fit to include material on other "unexplained" images of Christ, all but one of which, to my mind, lack the nobility and credibility of the Shroud. They weaken an otherwise sober presentation. Heller, too, is on occasion too anecdotal for my taste. Nevertheless, I recommend his book for scientific data; and Tribbe's for historical material. They do make fascinating reading.

Conclusion? Well, unlike Buddhism, Christianity admits — nay, *asserts* that it is a religion based on faith. While it hopes not to violate reason, it certainly transcends it. In short, it is indemonstrable. The Shroud of Turin is not about to demonstrate it.

Nevertheless, there is something about the Shroud that makes it especially interesting to the twentieth century: whereas most other mysterious religious phenomena seem alien to modern man, given our technological zeitgeist, it is precisely contemporary technology which has *revealed* to us the surprising facts about the Shroud. It was, so to speak, a sacred puzzle *reserved* for us.

But I'm not unbiased. This image is the only representation of Jesus Christ that satisfies my own theological and esthetic expectations. Most paintings, for my taste, are either too "pretty," too "Aryan," or both. Whether or not the authenticity of the Shroud can ever be established beyond doubt (by carbon 14 tests?), the picture it bears will probably remain in my mind as the true visage of the Rabbi of Nazareth.

Listening, seeing, finding a voice

ONE WRITER'S BEGINNINGS
Eudora Welty
Harvard University, $10, 104 pp.

Margaret Wimsatt

EUDORA WELTY is celebrating her seventy-fifth birthday this year. In April 1983 she took time to reflect on her life, her writing, and the possible relations between them, with herself as subject and object. This book, first delivered as the inaugural William E. Massey Lectures at Harvard, is the result.

Born in Jackson, Mississippi, where she still lives, she is one of a renowned crop of Southern writers: William Faulkner, Walker Percy, Katherine Anne Porter, Elizabeth Spencer, and Flannery O'Connor among them. A "Southern School" they of course do not form, unless from their work one wishes to conclude that Southern writers are idiosyncratic. Her fiction is most often set in the South, in Mississippi scenes she knows, and their tone is personal — often first person.

A reader of her short stories and novels — *Delta Wedding, The Optimist's Daughter, The Ponder Heart*, and *Stories* collected in 1980 — might piece together some of the material in this book. She draws, as a writer must, on her own experience, but not directly, as she explains. Here she is speaking autobiographically (one hopes no official biography will be attempted) and from the heart. It must have been painful as well as pleasant to record for the public so many details of daily living, so many private facts, about herself and her forebears. Of course this does not mean that she is rattling skeletons better left in peace. She comes from a family exemplary in outward matters and warmly united at home. Her mother, who had grown up in West Virginia, was introspective, moody, almost morbid in her concern for her family's welfare — a romantic who kept an open novel, floury on top, on the kitchen shelf while she baked her family's bread. Her father, brought up on a farm in southern Ohio, was curious about practical matters — he kept maps, a telescope, and a gyroscope in the living room, a barometer on the dining room wall, and made and flew excellent box kites. Their

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marriage faced difficulties internal and external, but their love was never in doubt. Mother encouraged her daughter's interest in writing fiction, while father urged her also to find a way to make a living.

The Massey Lectures appear here as the three sections of the book: Listening, Learning to See, Finding a Voice. Though roughly chronological in order, as chapters they overlap, because, as the author both points out and demonstrates, neither sequence nor memory is a fixed thing. "Childhood's learning is made up of moments. It isn't steady. It's a pulse." But among the normal childhood events described in Part I — learning to read, school, Sunday School, the arrival of two brothers — one factor seems the most important to her, and perhaps the most indicative of her future calling.

> Ever since I was read to, then started reading to myself, there has never been a line read that I didn't *hear*. As my eyes followed the sentence, a voice was saying it silently to me. It isn't my mother's voice, or the voice of any person I can identify, certainly not my own. . . . My own words, when I am at work on a story, I hear too . . . When I write, and the sound of it comes back to my ears, then I act to make my changes. I have always trusted this voice.

Part II, Learning to See, is mainly family history, as it appears to a little girl visiting distant grandparents and later to the grown woman who puts it together. Mother's clan, the Andrews, live on a mountain top, where water comes from a well hundreds of feet deep, and the only access to the outer world used to be by boat or raft down a river often in winter iced over. (By this means, breaking the ice, Eudora's mother Chessie had carried her dying father to a hospital in Baltimore, and brought his coffin home again.) Father's family, farmers, seems to live less dramatically, but for a child there are wonders on a farm too, a springhouse, a great barn, and again, affection. Beyond the people and the stories is the focusing excitement, the framing function, of travel itself. "The trips were wholes in themselves. They were stories. Not only in form, but in their taking on direction, movement, development, change." Part III, Finding a Voice, carries the author through college, and work during the Depression for the WPA. This obliged (or enabled) her to travel all over her state, helping to clean up after a tornado, or set up a county fair. She took her camera along. Photography, like fiction, demands composition, form, and timing — to capture the instant.

> *The frame through which I viewed the world changed too, with time. Greater than scene, I came to see, is situation. Greater than situation is implication. Greater than all of these is a single, entire human being, who will never be confined in any frame.*
>
> —Eudora Welty
> *One Writer's Beginnings*

> Photography taught me that to be able to capture transience, by being ready to click the shutter at the crucial moment, was the greatest need I had. Making pictures of people in all sorts of situations, I learned that every feeling waits upon its gesture; and I had to be prepared to recognize this moment when I saw it. These were things a story writer needed to know.

The whole book is engaging. It is the record of a person, a family, a town, and an era. Travel might have perils such as a flat tire needing to be vulcanized, but also such rewards as ferries towed across a river by hand, where the deck was awash and bared feet could be cooled. Towns had edges, stopped where the country began. Events in Jackson included Thurston the magician, one-night stands by Galli-Curci and Paderewski, and the silent films we revive today. It is, of course, an artful book — written with love and craft, and with one art, the fiction writer's, at its heart. Eudora Welty was educated before "writing" became a college subject. She learned from listening, to that inner voice, and to the storytellers around her. She learned, she says, from her own mistakes. She does not theorize — as in her stories, she presents. She gives us the materials to decide for ourselves why, from the many cared-for children of her time, her milieu, only one of them grew up to be Eudora Welty.

Making & marketing culture

INSIDE PRIME TIME

Todd Gitlin

Pantheon, $16.95, 360 pp.

Gaye Tuchman

EVERY now and again, a disgruntled Hollywood writer or producer, whose slightly unorthodox idea for a series has been "ruined" by the networks, bares his soul and tells all: TV chases after money. The television industry is an old boys' network of fellas out to earn the big buck by manufacturing kitsch. They use those shows to sell the largest possible audience to the advertisers who finance America's dominant and probably most profitable medium. "Nobody but me," that bitter expatriate invariably complains, "cares about quality."

Inside Prime Time presents the richest information ever collected on the inner workings of America's chief culture industry. Todd Gitlin interviewed roughly two hundred men and (a few) women who, with others, write, produce, direct, and manage network television, including its systematically associated production companies. Some are bitter, some resigned, some cautious, some just out for a buck. All seem to be filtered through the eyes of that disgruntled writer or producer. There are talented guys and bad guys. Supposedly, people with talent are serving their apprenticeship so they can move on to the big screen. (Muriel Cantor reported a similar phenomenon in her 1971 *The Hollywood TV Producer*, although she emphasized how a concern for perfecting cinematic skills leads some men to tolerate network interference rather than to seek professional autonomy elsewhere, as others

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do.) Everyone seems to be on the make or protecting the position they have already made. All seem intent on getting along and selling their ideas. In the lingo Gitlin occasionally adopts, they want to "give good meeting" in the innumerable conferences and conversations in which the creative folk and managers cooperate and spar.

Reasonably, Gitlin suggests that "the deal is the art form." That observation makes sense. I wish Gitlin had used it to notice analogies between TV-work and other work. As sociologist Everett C. Hughes explained years ago, when people can't control the outcome of their work, they emphasize what they can control to show how hard they're trying. Unable to explain why Johnny can't read, teachers point to the thoroughness of their lesson plan. Psychiatrists can't prove they have helped their patients; so they construct intricate life histories. Unable to predict a show's ratings, people in the TV industry "give good meeting."

Like that expatriate, though, Gitlin sees this emphasis on meetings as somehow inappropriate to art, or in his phrase "even entertainment." Gitlin condemns the "attitudes" rampant in the industry. "Most network television is simply bad — inert, derivative, cardboard — because no one with clout cares enough to make it otherwise. It is good enough for its purposes." For Gitlin, TV just won't do. As I read and reread *Inside Prime Time*, I increasingly felt that Gitlin, a published poet, mistakenly believes that art, "real art," can emerge only from the unitary vision of a man who cares.

> *Now ABC says 'We want two more years of* Happy Days.' *Henry Winkler* [Happy Days*'s Fonz*] *says, 'No, I don't want to do it anymore.' Garry Marshall says, 'No, I don't want to do it anymore, I'm tired.' Paramount says, 'We don't want to do it anymore because we want to put the show in syndication . . .' 'We'll give you more money,' says ABC, 'We don't want more money.'*
>
> —Todd Gitlin
> *Inside Prime Time*

I write "man" consciously. Although Gitlin interviewed at least one woman who is a self-described member of the boys' network (and whose lover identifies her as a feminist), he seems oblivious to her analogues in other industries and singularly uncurious about these women. Even as Gitlin carefully details some men's passionate feelings about ideas they want to express but cannot get by the networks, he doesn't think to ask how these women feel when they attend meetings where the old boys discuss "T & A" shows. (The industry-coined initials stand for "tits and asses," programs such as *Three's Company* or the now-defunct *Charlie's Angels* which were afflicted by the jigglies.)

Interwoven with this critical, literary, and often wittily written condemnation of kitsch is another more sophisticated analysis. In it, Gitlin details how the drive for corporate profit in today's culture industries militates against the production and acceptance, let alone celebration, of good shows. In our society, capital is rewarded when it is risked. Frequently using the words of those interviewed, Gitlin skillfully describes how in this capitalist business, all activity is geared toward minimizing the risk. "Safety first is the network rule."

To obey that rule, people in the industry reproduce the formula of a genre until that genre is played out. They "create" spinoffs; hoping they have identified the key elements in the success of a program, they try to shape a clone. Most important, they seek to mold what Gitlin aptly terms "recombinants" — recombinations of elements from several proven successes brewed together with a pinch of hope. The search for recombinants so affects the industry that its men and women think in terms of what something's like, not what it is. "An ad agency referred to CBS's series *Falcon Crest* as 'a taste of *The Good Earth* and a dash of *Dallas* in the middle of a California vineyard." When a program escapes "the industrialization of mannerism" identified as TV's dominant style, it may be undercut through scheduling; say, put to play "one on one" against a ratings hit or shuffled into a different time-slot each week. To flesh his portrait, Gitlin traces the rise, transmogrifications, and fall of some promising programs, paying special attention to the refreshingly honest and short-lived *American Dream*.

Ultimately, capitalism does not explain all. And so, *Inside Prime Time* contains a third theme. That one's about the politics of hermeneutics or how, when managers seek to explain why one program succeeded and another failed, they discredit liberalism, not to speak of radicalism; accede to conservativism, including the Moral Majority; misconstrue the "mood of the country" as more reactionary than it has actually been; and identify social problems with the little guy or gal overcoming death, disease, or disaster. Again Gitlin provides an extended example by focusing upon a show (*Bitter Harvest*, a "Movie of the Week" starring Ron Howard) whose radical potential was dissipated by everyone's implicit understanding of how TV gets done.

Gitlin's treatment of the industry's interpretation of programs is less satisfying than his other discussions. Thus, although his own discussions of plots and characters are frequently shrewd and insightful, I get queasy about his interpretations of others' interpretations of interpretations of a show. I wonder how he can announce that a show failed "because," when he has been emphasizing how no one can either predict or even postdict success or failure. Dealing with Hollywood's "word" about shows, Gitlin writes as though the facts speak for themselves, even though his earlier *The Whole World Is Watching*, on the effects of news coverage on Students for a Democratic Society, clearly acknowledges how the facts never stand on their own.

Sometimes I wish that sociologist Gitlin were more sociologically systematic but he clearly had no intention of writing for that narrower audience. Sometimes I wish he had drawn the obvious analogies to other industries and spoken about risk-taking in the automobile industry or how Harvard M.B.A.'s are said to search for personal success and profit before success for their corporation. But Gitlin is writing about culture, not work. What Gitlin did do, he did very well. *Inside Prime Time* is superb cultural criticism: a

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radical expressing dismay at a non-politicized America and an audience which doesn't have politics in its soul; a radical discussing what he doesn't like in America by dissecting and condemning the consciousness industry that contributes so significantly to the state of that soul.

A prose of her own

IN SEARCH OF OUR MOTHERS' GARDENS
WOMANIST PROSE
Alice Walker
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95, 397 pp.

MR. BEDFORD AND THE MUSES
Gail Godwin
Viking, $14.95, 229 pp.

PITCH DARK
Renata Adler
Knopf, $12.95, 145 pp.

Jo-Ann Mort

"I UNDERSTAND that each woman is capable of truly bringing another into the world," writes Alice Walker in her new collection of essays, *In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens*. In this book, Walker goes on an expedition, in search of the missing voices of women and black writers. "We are a people," she writes. "A people do not throw their geniuses away. And if they are thrown away, it is our duty as artists and as witnesses for the future to collect them again for the sake of our children, and, if necessary, bone by bone."

For too long, we have collectively ignored the voices of our past and our present. The rediscovery of black writers, as well as the proliferation of women writers, works to the advantage of all of us. Good literature is both sexless and colorless. This collection, however, is especially instructive for writers and for women writers in particular — if only because Walker's prose makes one feel less isolated in a world which is not very accepting of writers.

The second part of the book is devoted to essays dealing with the civil rights movement. In "The Civil Rights Movement: What Good Was It?" Walker explains the territory she charted previously in her novel, *Meridian*. In answer to Black Power critics, she defends her own involvement in Martin Luther King's struggle. Less interesting is her writing on Cuba, where she falls into commonplace revolutionary rhetoric, with her insistence that the Cuban revolution will triumphantly bring freedom and dignity to that country's citizens.

Walker takes on the women's movement with the same verve she uses on the black revolutionaries who condemn her mainstream civil rights work while "consuming quantities of wine and cheese at our house." An editor at *Ms.* magazine, Walker challenges the white, middle-class nature of much of the women's movement, though she criticizes as a member of the clan.

One article is especially timely in these days of tension between blacks and Jews; a response to Letty Cottin Pogrebin's article on anti-Semitism in the women's movement. Walker castigates the toleration of anti-Semitism in the black community, but also describes the black sense of identity with the underdog, explaining the current growth of solidarity with the Palestinians. But what is refreshing about this essay is Walker's statement decrying the treatment of blacks in Arab countries, since it has recently become acceptable for radical blacks to embrace not only Palestinian rights, but the Arab governments and the PLO:

> As for those who think the Arab world promises freedom, the briefest study of its routine traditional treatment of blacks (slavery) and women (purdah) will provide relief from all illusion. If Malcolm X had been a black woman his last message to the world would have been entirely different. The brotherhood of Moslem men — all colors — may exist there, but part of the glue that holds it together is the thorough suppression of women.

In *Mr. Bedford and the Muses*, Gail Godwin offers us five stories which are fictionalized accounts of a writer's experiences. "Once I was twenty-one and terrified I would not get the most out of life. I wanted to marry, to travel, to be a writer," says one character. Whether the story is about a woman, man, young, or old writer, the author's voice is intelligent and enjoyable. This is a volume which should be read over and over again for sustenance.

The first story is about a young American writer living her "formative years" in England, in a rooming house run by American expatriates. "We take our Muses where we find them," writes Godwin. Her gift allows her both to explain the chore of writing and capture the magic of fiction simultaneously: "In here, in the confines of my fiction, we are all still alive. Some of us are still young, plotting our favorite versions of the love, accomplishment, beauty, elegance, and wealth we hope to win for ourselves."

These stories are deceptively simple. There is an underlying perversity, in several of them almost a petrified quality. One of the odder tales, "A Father's Pleasures," revolves around Rudolf Geber, a world-renowned concert pianist who rewards his son with the ultimate prize, the father's own wife. Another story tells of a successful novelist who has taken refuge in a mountain community and is benignly accepting of his typist's habit of wearing women's clothes when he types

> *I write about the old men that I know (I love old men), and the great big beautiful women with arms like cushions (who would really rather look like Pat Nixon), and of the harried fathers and mothers and the timid, hopeful children. And today, in Mississippi, it seems I sometimes relive my Georgia childhood . . . And when I write about the people there, in the strangest way it is as if I am not writing about them at all, but about myself. The artist then is the voice of the people, but she is also The People.*
>
> — Alice Walker
> *In Search of Our Mothers' Gardens*

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at home. Another story, "Amanuensis," chronicles a less-perverse, but equally sinister turn of events. It is as if these tales come together to applaud the muses in Godwin's life, but also to lay claim to the terrifying occurrences in the life of the writer: loneliness, emptiness, visits from onlookers and thieves of creativity.

Renata Adler's second novel, *Pitch Dark*, will undoubtedly be held up to the toughest scrutiny since her first novel, *Speedboat*, received overwhelming praises even years ago. The familiar and unique prose style pervades this second novel. In fact, the storyline isn't all that different from Adler's previous work. But then the storyline is not the point in this writer's fiction.

Pitch Dark is about a journalist, Kate, who is getting over a love affair with a married man. According to the publisher's promotional copy, Kate's world was "the house in the country and the house in the city, the almost daily visits from Jake, the dinner parties, the neighbors and friends (senators, doctors, ambassadors, poets)." In short, just your typical eighties' woman.

We follow our character through her international jaunts as she begins to rid herself of the anguish of this broken love affair. First, she goes to Ireland, and then to her destination where she will find solitude for healing, to Orcas Island. As in Godwin's collection, Adler's novel is laced with the stuff of fiction. She includes the writer's thoughts in the story, as if to unmask the creative process: "Do I need to stylize it, then, or can I tell it as it was?" or "So there is this pressure now, on every sentence, not just to say what it has to say, but to justify its claim upon our time."

Adler is a pro at transmitting Kate's frenetic urban lifestyle. She creates a character, though, who is not your everyday female New York writer, since her character's travels take her around the world and her conversations are sprinkled with ruminations on everything from Nabokov to Resolution 242 to the PLO. The insiders' nature of this novel makes it less interesting than it might have been. Not every reader will be familiar with the ambiance of "Elaine's."

While in Godwin's stories we are always sure that we are reading a fictionalized account of a writer writing about being a writer, in this book, we are more aware of reading Adler's ruminations on her own life as a writer. Indeed, Adler's writing style is masterful. But finally she is too ungenerous with her readers. We read *Pitch Dark* with the sense that we are unraveling a precious secret and even when we get to the core, we are not wholly satisfied.

Conservative & activist

THE BURGER COURT
Edited by Vincent Blasi
Yale, $25, 326 pp.

Isidore Silver

WHAT are we to make of a "conservative" Supreme Court which, in the last thirteen years, (a) "constitutionalized" the right of a woman to have an abortion, (b) unanimously curtailed some egregious claims of the "imperial presidency" by telling its most notorious exponent that he had to turn over documentary evidence of criminality to a judge, and (c) in one authoritative swoop of the judicial pen, invalidated parts of some 200 federal laws permitting a legislative veto over presidential activities? The Burger Court (a misnomer) has continued to be a feisty and "activist" body which is, at times, even more unrestrained than was its famous predecessor. This collection of eleven essays admirably succeeds in explaining *what* the Court has done and why few today — except in the pages of *Commentary* and *The Public Interest* — even expect judicial deference to other branches of government. Since an "activist" and conservative Supreme Court can readily demolish precedent, we can join in the collective amazement that the great Warren Court constitutional landmarks, *Baker* vs. *Carr* ("one man-one vote"), *Brown* vs. *Board of Education* (desegregation), and *Miranda* vs. *Arizona* (pre-police interrogation warnings of rights) still stand. Why was there no counter-revolution, since most present Justices would not have voted with Earl Warren had they been on the Court during his tenure? Has there, instead, been guerrilla warfare? Will the Court's present mood of benign acceptance continue if Ronald Reagan has the opportunity to appoint a batch of new Justices should he be re-elected? The book's answers to the first two questions are unclear, while, of course, any response to the third must be speculative.

The reason for the failure to fully engage the issues outlined above is twofold: first, the book's organization — eleven essays, only two of which (along with Anthony Lewis's brief foreword) even purport to be overviews of the Court's general performance — and secondly, the peculiar personal and judicial characteristics of the present Justices. The first point is demonstrated by the nine "subject matter" essays, each of which was penned by a law professor, each manifesting inevitable temptations toward parochialism, comprehensive listing of cases (with brief commentaries), and a preoccupation with analysis of the idiosyncratic views of particular Justices. Inevitably, the quality of the essays differ — especially since two appear to have been written several years ago (they call 1977-79 cases "recent") and were not revised or updated. Professor Robert Burt's important discussion of the current Court's attitude toward the family is, in contrast to most of the others, mainly philosophical and a bit thin on data (it is also one of the dated ones). The most quirky discussion, though easily the most readable and enjoyable (to a professional in the field) is Martin Shapiro's discourse on the changing modes of academic criticism of the Court. Since the laity is not familiar with the subject matter, in context the essay has little relevance to the professed theme of the work.

The second point above is exemplified by scattered references to Warren. Burger's inability to either intellectually, politically, or administratively master

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the job of Chief Justice (the editor, a political scientist, as is Shapiro, accurately notes that Burger is a "man of limited capacity and no discernible coherent philosophy"). Liberals may eagerly accept Blasi's characterization of Justice Rehnquist as "more a debater than a thinker," but will blanch at the description of Justices Marshall and Brennan as "more clever than profound." In the middle are the other four warhorses (excluding Sandra Day O'Connor who is too new to be conveniently categorized) who are intelligent and moderate men. This combination is not inspiring to an institution often led by luminaries such as John Marshall and Hugo Black who were fairly unreasonable and unpragmatic visionaries with great powers of persuasion.

The result is predictable, fragmented, often conflicting decisions which are almost useless as precedents and which manifest "a powerful aversion to making fundamental value choices." As usual, the Court's caution probably mirrors contemporary American political thought (or is it "drift"?). America's intense ideological individualism — ironic and at most rhetorical in an age of large organizations — is nowhere more clearly manifested than in the activities of a Court which has created a species of what might be called "situational law."

Clearly, though the book does not emphasize this, the Burger Court is a transitional body — marking judicial time, except in some areas of criminal justice where, as in its distaste for the Fourth Amendment, a counterrevolution has already occurred. Again, all of America seems to be marking time as well. If Reaganism is extended to the High Court, then things may change drastically, especially if a new (or perhaps the old) Rehnquist becomes a leader. Then, what Blasi terms "rootless activism" may be transformed into something much more novel and disquieting than what we have become accustomed to.

Japan & the professors

THE AMAZING RACE

William Davidson
John Wiley, $17.95, 225 pp.

MULTINATIONALISM, JAPANESE STYLE

Terutomo Ozawa
Princeton, $8.95, 289 pp.

WHY HAS JAPAN SUCCEEDED?

WESTERN TECHNOLOGY AND THE JAPANESE ETHOS

Michio Morishima
Cambridge University, $19.95, 207 pp.

Peter Kovler

JAPAN'S miracle economy has been a spectacular foreign policy success for several American administrations; it has now turned into an American domestic economic menace — a subject which will certainly be argued over at length in the upcoming election year. It is truly a matter fit for ironists. The Asian "bulwark of democracy" has actively participated in thwarting the aspirations of hundreds of thousands of American blue collar workers. One sees this reflected in United Steelworkers' advertisements where Japan is accused of taking deadly target practice. As an example the USW takes up the consumer electronics business: "that industry lost 63,000 jobs to targeting by Japanese and other governments," say the steelworkers in making a case for a fair resolution of "American international trade problems."

In attempting to explain how we got into this mess, here are three books. None is easy reading; all are packed full of useful information and analyses. None should be in your suitcase for a holiday, but each is worthwhile if you have time and patience.

From Professor William Davidson at the University of Virginia there is the book with the best title — *The Amazing Race*. Unlike the other two books, Davidson's main focus is on the economic relations between the United States and Japan. He describes the rise in the last two decades of Japanese industry, the U.S. response, and he provides the reader with a few predictions in future areas of Japanese industrial initiatives. Davidson is particularly strong in making his argument that we are in economic competition with Japan, just as we are in the military sphere with the Soviet Union. He attributes the weakening American economic effort to several factors, and is careful to highlight the fact that the U.S. spends so much time and effort on military prowess.

Naturally, he emphasizes the differences between U.S. and Japanese industry and although many of the points have been made before, Davidson writes with clarity and offers the needed reminders of how Japanese firms do not overemphasize short-term profits. Indeed, he does a little bit better when he states: "The whole truth is that Japanese firms are willing to forgo profits, period."

Among the other credible arguments is the fact that a weakening American industrial spirit in the "post-industrial society" has played a part in allowing Japanese domination in certain sectors: "Non-economic values and objectives

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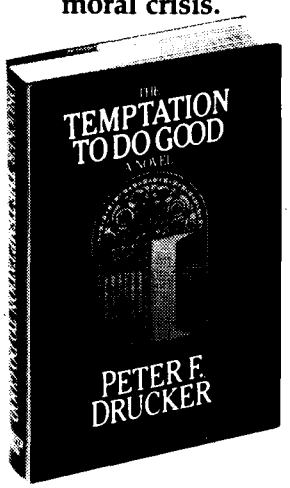

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have become more important in American society." The potential for such values gaining pre-eminence in Japan is also discussed. While a chapter on the Information Technology Sector can get bogged down in rather excessive detail, the book ends strongly with discussions of "probable world scenarios." Davidson is, on the whole, rather optimistic about the effects of what he sees as a reversal of American industrial effort. One can only hope that such a competitive spirit continues to be tempered with "non-economic values."

A more academic work comes from Terutomo Ozawa, an economics professor at Colorado State University. Ozawa has chosen the narrow but extremely important area of Japanese multinationals and what makes this book a bit more interesting than so many others is that it does not focus strictly on the American trade problem with its effects on the U.S. labor force, etc. The story of the emergence of Japanese multinationals is interesting, particularly because of the way the Japanese took advantage of the economics of other nations. Ozawa points out how in the mid-fifties Japanese companies began to establish brands in Brazil, Mexico, and Argentina; in the early sixties Japanese "overseas" initiatives became more regional as Taiwan, Thailand, Hong Kong, and Singapore became "hot" countries for Japanese industry. Even through those early days, Ozawa explains the concerted efforts by the Japanese to get Japan to the point of economic strength.

Less interesting for this reviewer is Ozawa's examination of the "theoretical considerations" behind Japan's multinationals. However, the book's last four chapters are informative, even if written in uninspiring prose. Unfortunately, however, Ozawa is most interesting in his presentation of Japan's response to the 1973 OPEC oil embargo. Japan, of course, is almost totally dependent on outside sources for oil and it is fascinating to read the details of Japan's "oil diplomacy — from initial panic to opportunism."

The third professorial offering comes from Michio Morishima of the London School of Economics. In a book titled *Why Has Japan Succeeded? Western Technology and the Japanese Ethos*, the author gives us an extensive look at the origins of the Japanese productivity *zeitgeist*. Professor Morishima makes an important point on how the Japanese may not really serve as a model for other nations. He persuasively argues at the very end of his book that "a policy which has been proved to be successful for Japan may turn out to be unusable in Britain and vice versa, because of the differences in their ethoses, in their ways of behavior of their people, and in all the other cultural characteristics which they have inherited from their respective pasts." Such words should be carefully weighed by Americans who suggest we might be able to use an American form of MITI.

If there is one flaw in all three books, it is attributable to the academic approach. Only one time in all these endeavors is there a brief mention of such practices as payoffs and other ugly but real problems. When former Prime Minister Tanaka is convicted for accepting $2 million in bribes and when there is suspicion of other types of illegal acts — one wonders how much the economic professors can really tell us. Although a more complete picture could include more investigation on the seedy side of industrial development, goodness knows, we don't need a foolish form of simplified muckraking. But that work is for others to undertake.

REVIEWERS

PHILLIP CORWIN, *a poet and novelist, works for the United Nations.*

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JO-ANN MORT, *a poet who lives in New York, has had reviews and poetry published in* Stand, Jewish Frontier, In These Times, *and other journals.*

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FATHER DAVID TOOLAN, S.J., *is assistant editor of* Commonweal.

PATRICK JORDAN *was formerly one of the editors of* The Catholic Worker *in New York.*

In brief

TRANSFIGURATION: POETIC METAPHOR AND THE LANGUAGE OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF *by Frank Burch Brown. University of North Carolina, $24, 230 pp.*

"The world lives by its incarnation of God in itself." The statement is Alfred North Whitehead's, if you will, by the poet in Whitehead who built a theoretic system which remythologized the clockwork cosmos favored by his former positivistic colleagues in England. Few of them could fathom his system; they thought he'd lost his senses in the New World. In the New World, unfortunately, a worshipful host of Whiteheadian scholastics have spent inordinate time dissecting the great man's concepts, thus losing the poet and myth-maker in him — and outwitting their own senses. (Neoscholastics did in Aquinas in the same way.) It is almost an axiom today that the choice of a language (science, mathematics, logic, poetry, or story) is the choice of a world, an ontology — and Whitehead fans typically forget that his guiding choice was the language of the Romantic poets. That choice is both Whitehead's strength and his weakness. Among the other services of Brown's carefully crafted book — which assays to articulate the relationship between poetry and religious reflection — is the long-overdue retrieval of the vatic Whitehead, the philosopher whose speculative flights were rooted above all in the uncommon insights of parable, symbol, story, and myth. In Brown's last chapter, this restored Whitehead, for whom understanding was always "a process of penetration, incomplete and partial," is employed to disabuse those theologians (like Schubert Ogden) who suffer the Cartesian dream that conceptualization can ever function as *the* criterion of meaning for either Scripture or human experience.

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In the process of getting to this point, in effect a methodological essay on the limits and, more importantly, the inexhaustible *sources* of reason, Brown's first chapters criticize the New Critics ("a poem should not mean/But be"), and explicate the poetic ontology of Philip Wheelwright (which Brown revises a bit). Three chapters then apply this revised theory of expressive, "depth" language to T.S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*. These chapters show us not only that symbol gives rise to thought, but that a whole history of conceptualization gives rise, in Eliot's poem, to fresh-freighted metaphor and symbol. This illustrates Brown's thesis: that the dialogue between the arts and metaphysical thought works both ways, is a constant to and fro: as Aquinas reflected on the metaphysical implications of the great I AM of Exodus 3, so Dante reflected on Aquinas and transfigured his meaning in the *Comedia*. Similarly, you will never derive Whitehead's "sense" of that incarnation by which the world lives from the bare "fact" that things exist, or that we are able to know, or that there are causes. "What matters," says Brown, "both metaphysically and religiously is the *significance* of existing, knowing, and having purposes; and it is this significance, known through one's whole being and becoming as an embodied self, that is the core even of the *cognitive* meaning within the concept of incarnation." This is not a book for light reading, but one very much at the heart of contemporary theological discussion.

DAVID TOOLAN

RICE, RIVALRY, AND POLITICS: MANAGING CAMBODIAN RELIEF, *by Linda Mason and Roger Brown. Notre Dame, $19.95, 218 pp.*

A study of relief efforts on the Thai-Kampuchean border in 1979 and 1980, this book was written for management students of future emergency relief efforts. But it elucidates for all a faulted yet noble effort at human assistnace under catastrophic conditions.

Mason and Brown were two young American relief workers participant in the Kampuchean relief effort of 1979-80, a massive, chaotic undertaking which saved hundreds of thousands of lives. They use a variety of agency documentation and first-hand information to tell their story. It is poignant in human and political terms. (The agony of Kampuchea continues.) But the story is startling as well — a picture of bureaucrats' bumbling, political rivalry, agency infighting, and individual greed, corruption, and insensitivity that is numbing.

While there is something ashes-like and ominous in these pages, in the end there is hope. The seed rice program of 1980 succeeded that year in producing an adequate rice crop for Kampuchea. The authors learned that, "The most effective relief workers were not those who knew the most about engineering, nutrition, or Southeast Asian agriculture; they were those who could enlist the cooperation of the Khmer . . . engaging the refugees in the planning and implementation of projects." Even the acrimonious rivalries of relief agencies (their acronyms demand a special glossary in the book) led rival political parties to tolerate their efforts.

The authors state they have written this book to "help make future relief efforts more efficient, far-sighted, and ultimately more effective." In a time stalked by disaster — natural and human — the urgency of their goal cannot be overstated.

PATRICK JORDAN

Correspondence

(Continued from page 322)

Some contraceptives *are* abortifacient. But that does not mean the attitudes or values used to justify non-abortifacient contraceptives have no philosophical connection to abortion-on-demand. Many conscientious contracepting couples would not necessarily resort to abortion with an unexpected pregnancy. The problem lies in the fact that those who support abortion, mass sterilization, genetic engineering, in vitro fertilization, and euthanasia employ many of the same values and logic that couples use to justify contraception. Thus once we as a society justify interventions into the generative process as "natural" or nor-

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mative, we have a momentous problem qualifying and promoting respect for "life" at any level (re: Bernardin's "seamless garment").

I have not read Beverly Harrison's book *Our Right to Choose*, but Barbara Andolsen's review is quite thorough. Once again, a neo-gnostic view of the human person rears its head in the perception of the human as primarily a relational reality, with the body playing an inferior or accidental role of arbitrary value. The notion of women's "emancipation" by their "control" of their reproductive powers (through contraception or abortion) is, in one sense, an illusion . . . . Most contraceptive methods do nothing to challenge the male's concupiscent tendencies, and therefore his assumptions about the value and worth of women as persons . . . .

What has happened is that private wishes have become public rights and, until there is equality in the bedroom, we will have continued interventions into the generative process, that is, into human life in its varying stages. Consequently, corporate womanhood, becoming economically interchangeable with men, will have missed the mark, the one that truly matters — the mutual growth and dignity of all men and women.

CHARLES BALSAM,
Office of Family Life Ministry

Choice, not abortion

Richmond, In.

To the Editors: Pro-choice is not the antonym to pro-life. I, too, am appalled at the million-plus abortions performed yearly in this country. But I deeply believe that I do not have the right to tell another woman that she must remain pregnant against her will, even if my own decision would be different.

Abortion is the *only* kind of killing which involves a developing life within an already existing life — one organism occupying another. The decision as to *when* the "product of conception" becomes significantly human is ultimately a religious question. Because of the unique situation, the individual must make the final decision in the light of her own religious convictions. A law which restricts her choice is a violation of her right to her own body.

A law that *required* abortion would be immoral, but one that simply allows free choice is neutral. At this point any amendment to the Constitution would be as useful as Prohibition — it would not stop abortions because it would not reflect a clear majority belief. Consider Catholic Portugal, where 200,000 illegal abortions are performed yearly. This would be equivalent to about *4.5 million* abortions for the U.S. population.

So forget about changing the Constitution. I will oppose you at every turn. But I will *join* your efforts to push for legislation that recognizes children as a shared social responsibility. I will stand by you as you protest budget cuts in already existing programs like school lunches and WIC. Together we will demand funds for proper counseling of pregnant women, so their choice is an informed one. The alternatives must become realistic for the less heroic among us.

Unlike the impending nuclear holocaust, the abortion holocaust *can* be prevented one-by-one. Stick by your religious convictions, but also respect mine. And put all that time, energy, and money into our common cause — making abortion a rare event. CATHY FLICK

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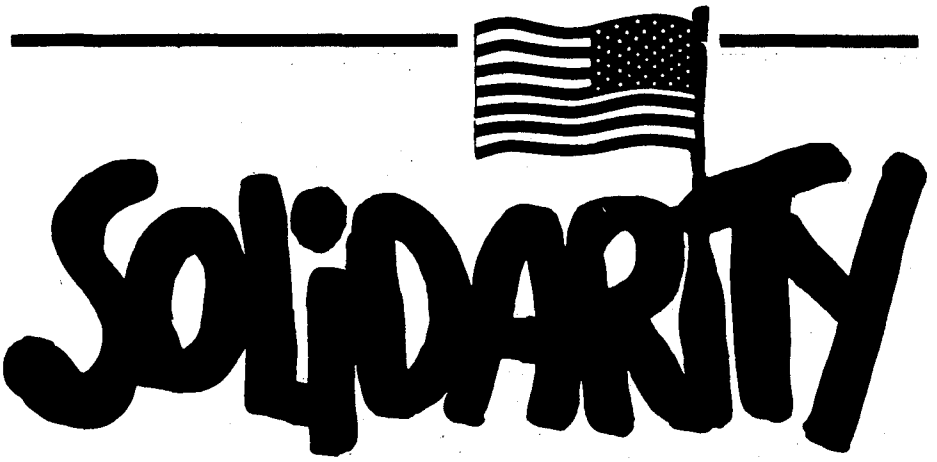

AMERICAN UNIONS are under attack — more than at any time since the great organizing drives of the Thirties.

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We are against that trend. We are in solidarity with the unions of this country in their fight for existence.

None of us is an official or staff member of a union. Some of us belong to unions; others do not. All of us have had our criticisms of labor in the past and even the present — and all of us believe that those criticisms must now take second place to our expression of solidarity in Ronald Reagan's increasingly anti-union America.

We believe in unions, not simply as a means of the struggle for a better economic life, but as the basis for human dignity. We believe that an American economy which achieves an "equilibrium" through chronic high unemployment and low wages is preparing the way for an economic crisis in which the society is too poor to buy its own output. That will strike, not only at the union worker, but at practically every member of the society.

Above all, we recognize a moral claim upon our conscience when the working men and women of this country ask our help. We are, all of us, in solidarity with the magnificent struggle of the Polish workers for trade union rights; we are in solidarity with the black workers of South Africa in their battle against economic and social *apartheid*; and we are in solidarity with American workers. Support for unions does not begin only at a foreign border.

In this spirit we invite our fellow citizens and their organizations to take this pledge of American Solidarity:

- Whenever we see a picket line of workers engaged in economic struggle, we recognize it as a legitimate claim upon our conscience and we will do all that we can to honor it.
- Whenever we see a corporation engaged in strikebreaking or other forms of anti-union activity, we pledge to consider not buying its products or using its services.
- Whenever the issue of labor law reform is once again placed upon the agenda, making the law an instrument of the worker's right to organize rather than, as so often today, a bureaucratic weapon against that right, we will support the reform effort. In doing so, we are particularly mindful that the benefits of unionism must be brought to the vast mass of the unorganized, many of whom are low paid, members of minority groups, and women.

In the struggle for the unions' right to exist we pledge our moral and practical solidarity.

Hon. Bella S. Abzug; Gordon Adams, Defense Budget Project; **Rep. Joseph P. Addabbo; Shana Alexander; Virginia M. Apuzzo,** National Gay Task Force; **Stanley Aronowitz***, *Social Text*; **John Atlas,** N.J. Tenant Organization; **Joan Baez; Hon. Frank Barbaro,** N.Y. State Assembly; **Richard J. Barnet,** Institute for Policy Studies; **Rosalyn Baxandall; Algernon D. Black,** American Ethical Union; **Julian Bond,** Georgia State Senate; **Heather Booth,** Midwest Academy; **Rabbi Balfour Brickner***; **Harry Britt***, San Francisco City Supervisor, **Stephen Brobeck,** Consumer Federation of America; **Rep. Sala Burton; Martin Carnoy,** Stanford; **Gene Carroll,** Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign; **Noam Chomsky,** MIT; **David Clarenbach,** Wisconsin State Assembly; **Richard A. Cloward,** Columbia; **Rev. John Collins,** Clergy and Laity Concerned; **Mary Jean Collins,** National Organization for Women; **Barry Commoner,** Queens College; **Hon. Martin Connor,** N.Y. 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